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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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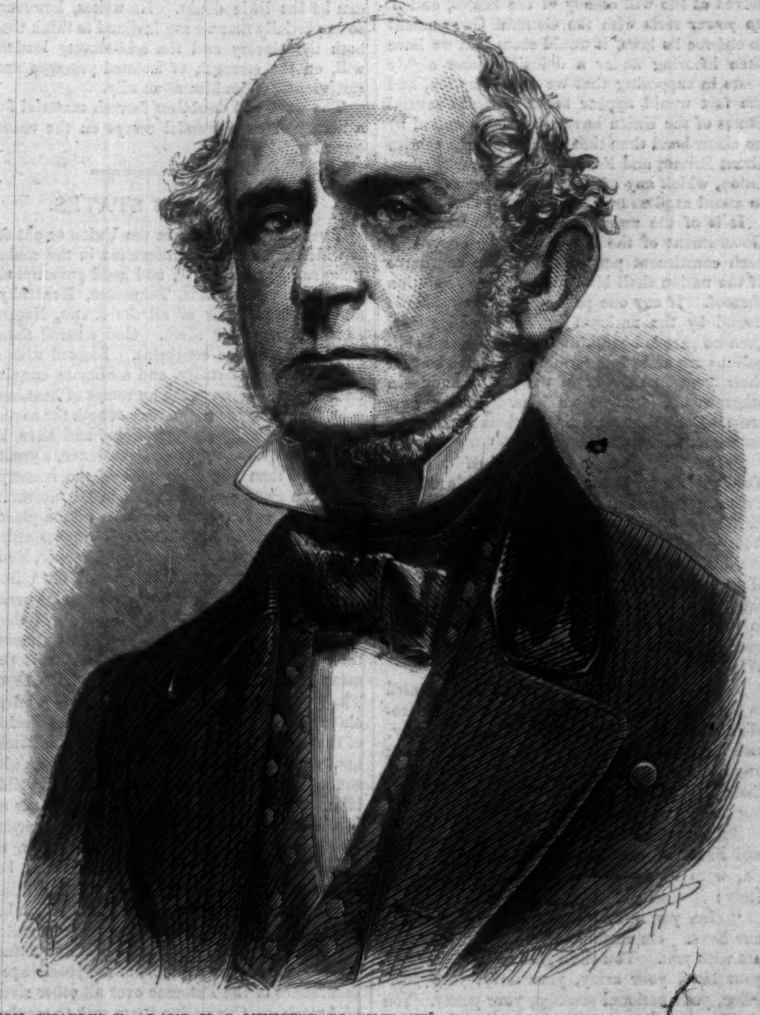
ADVERTISEMENT.

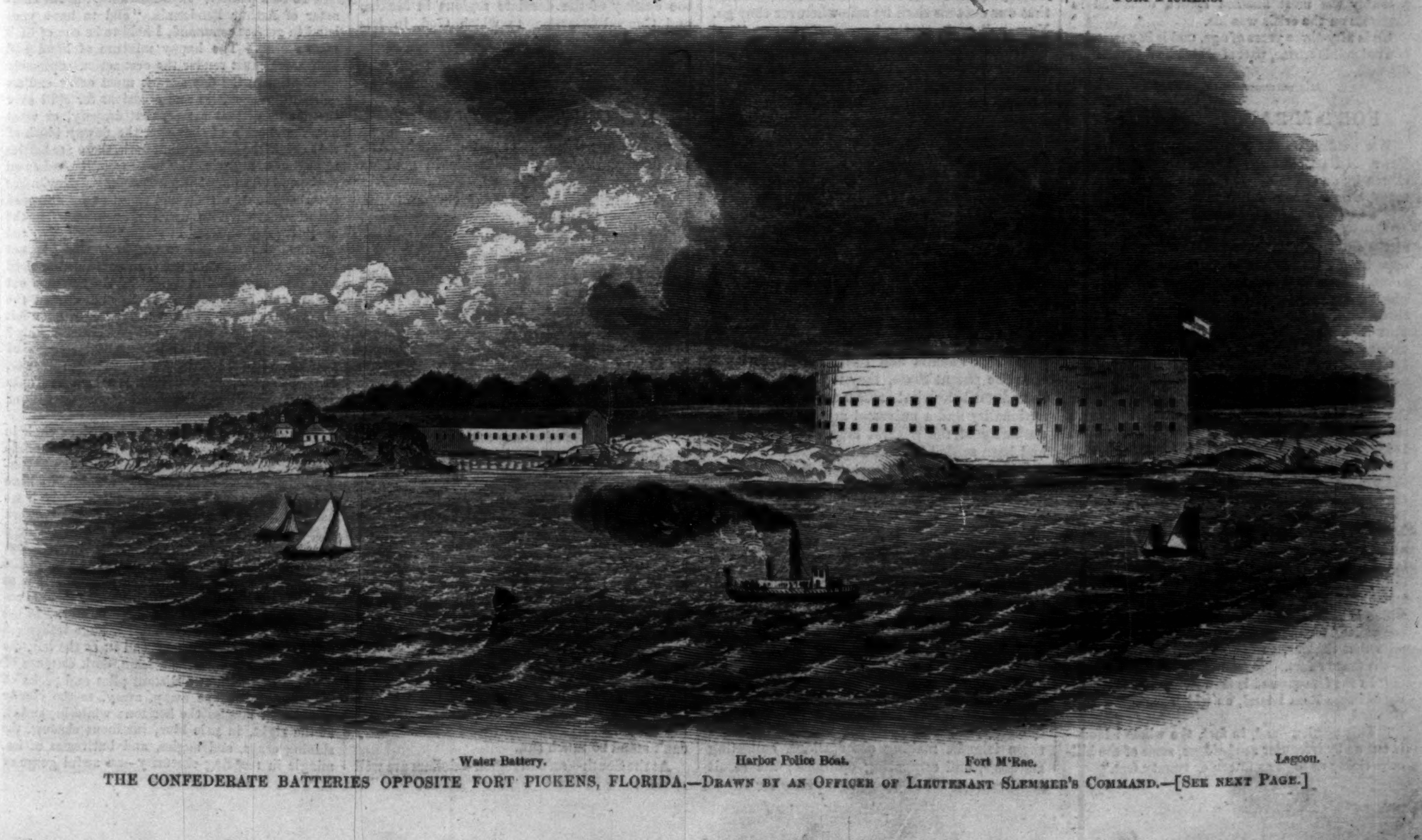
In view of the momentous events which are impending, and of the possible outbreak of civil war, the proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to draw public attention to the following list of engravings which have been published in this journal within the past few weeks, as evidence of the fidelity and thoroughness with which they are redeeming their pledge to "give a well-drawn, well-engraved, and well-printed illustration of every important event that occurs." Almost all of the illustrations of the Southern Forts have been made from drawings by United States Officers; and the proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* take this opportunity of informing Officers in the Army and Navy serving in the South that they will be glad to receive sketches of Forts and Scenes of Interest at the present crisis, and to pay liberally for such as they may use. Any officer in either service can obtain the *Weekly* gratuitously for six months by sending his address to this office.

Illustrations of the War.

Several Sketches of Major Anderson in Fort Moultrie.
The Entry into Fort Sumter.
The Occupation of Castle Pinckney.
Maps of the Charleston Harbor.
Profile View of the Same.
The Marine School at Charleston.
Fort Sumter, from Sullivan's Island.
The Custom-House and Powder Magazine at Charleston.
Fort Moultrie—Charleston in the distance.
Portrait of Major Anderson, U.S. Army.
Portrait of Captain Foster, U. S. Army.
Portraits of Major Anderson's Command.
Portrait of Governor Pickens.
Portrait of Judge Magrath, Secretary of State.
Portrait of Secretary of War Jamieson.
Portrait of Rev. Dr. Bachman.
Portraits of the South Carolina Delegation in Congress.
The Washington Artillery of Charleston.
The Charleston Zouaves.
Fort Johnson, Charleston Harbor.
The "Star of the West."
The Prayer at Sumter.
Firing on the "Star of the West."
The Battery at Fort Moultrie bearing on Fort Sumter.
Dismantled Guns at Fort Moultrie.
Fort Sumter, seen from the Rear.
The Main Battery at Fort Sumter.
The Casemates at Fort Sumter.
The Sally-port at Fort Sumter.
The Gorge at Fort Sumter.
The Interior at Fort Sumter.
A ten-inch Columbiad at Fort Sumter.
Interior of the Sally-port at Fort Sumter.
Officers' Quarters at Fort Sumter.
The Good-by of the Soldiers' Wives to Fort Sumter.
Major Anderson's Quarters at Fort Sumter.
An Embrasure—Outside and Inside—at Fort Sumter.
Major Anderson's Command at Fort Sumter.
The City of Charleston.
Fort Moultrie, as seen from Fort Sumter.
Morris Island, as seen from Fort Sumter.
Fort Johnson, as seen from Fort Sumter.
The Iron-clad Battery on Cumming's Point, as seen from Fort Sumter.
Fort Pickens, Pensacola, looking Seaward.
Portrait of Lieutenant Slemmer.
Portrait of Lieutenant Gilman.
Front View of Fort Pickens, showing the Sally-port.
The Flag-staff Bastion at Fort Pickens.
The Salute on 22d February at Fort Pickens.
The Boat-house and Landing at Fort Pickens.
One of the Flank Casemate Batteries at Fort Pickens.



HON. CHARLES F. ADAMS, U. S. MINISTER TO ENGLAND.—Photographed by Brady.—[See next Page.]


Water Battery.
Harbor Police Boat.
Fort M'Rae.
Lagoon.

THE CONFEDERATE BATTERIES OPPOSITE FORT PICKENS, FLORIDA.—Drawn by an Officer of Lieutenant Slemmer's Command.—[See next Page.]

THE CONFEDERATE BATTERIES AGAINST FORT PICKENS.
SEA BATTERY AT FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA.
INTERIOR OF SEA BATTERY AT FORT MONROE.
TESTING THE BIG COLUMBIAD AT FORT MONROE.
THE RIP-RAPS.
SHIPS IN THE NORFOLK NAVY-YARD.
FORT JEFFERSON, TORTUGAS
FORT TAYLOR, KEY WEST.
FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.
UNITED STATES ARSENAL AT LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.
THE NAVY-YARD AT NORFOLK.
THE NAVY-YARD AT WASHINGTON.
FORT WACHITA, TEXAS.
FORT ARBUCKLE, TEXAS.
FORT DAVIS, TEXAS.
FORT BROWN, TEXAS.
FORT LANCASTER, TEXAS.
POINT ISABEL, TEXAS.
THE ALAMA, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.
SURRENDER OF GENERAL TWIGGS, AT SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.
THE WASHINGTON ARSENAL.
FORT ON CRANEY ISLAND.
FORT NORFOLK.
FORT WASHINGTON.
THE RICHMOND ARMORY.

The proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to state that they have made the most extensive arrangements for the illustration of future movements at the South, and that the public may rely upon finding in *Harper's Weekly* an accurate and reliable picture of every scene of interest to which occurrences may direct attention.

The increasing circulation of *Harper's Weekly* renders it a most desirable advertising medium.

HON. CHARLES F. ADAMS,

UNITED STATES MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

WE publish on the preceding page, from a photograph oy Brady, a portrait of the HON. CHARLES F. ADAMS, who is to succeed Mr. Dallas at the court of St. James. Mr. Adams will fill one of the most important posts in the Government in the present condition of the country.

He is the third member of his family who has represented the country in England. His grandfather, John Adams, was the first American Minister to the Court of St. James: it was to him that King George the Third delivered the famous apostrophe, "I am, Sir, of all men in England, as you may imagine, the sorriest to receive you here," etc. This was in 1785. Thirty years afterward, the son of John Adams, John Quincy Adams, was sent to England, and represented the country there for two years. He took with him his son, the present Charles F. Adams, who was eight years old at the time they arrived in London and went to an English school. Report states that he took his first lessons in the manly art of self-defense from some English fellow-pupils, whose sarcasms upon the United States were more than the young Yankee could tolerate.

Mr. Adams has lived a quiet, unobtrusive life. In 1848 he was a delegate to the famous Buffalo Convention, and was chosen President of that body, a post of which he discharged the duties with credit. He subsequently published the life and writings of his grandfather, John Adams—a work of great merit, which occupies a standard place in our political literature. Two years ago he was elected to Congress. He has not been a prominent member of the House; but the first proposition for a compromise came from him: he represented Massachusetts in the famous perilous committee, and probably the most finished speech delivered in Congress on the crisis was his.

He is fifty-three years of age, and is in possession of a splendid fortune, part of which he derived from his wife.

FORT M'RAE, PENSACOLA.

WE publish on the preceding page a view of FORT M'RAE, PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, from a sketch by an officer of Lieutenant Slemmer's command, who writes as follows:

"FORT PICKENS, FLA., *March* 29, 1861.

"DEAR SIR,—Inclosed is a sketch of Fort M'Rae, at the entrance of Pensacola Harbor, and directly opposite Fort Pickens, from which the view is taken. It is a little more than one mile and a quarter from Fort Pickens, and about one mile and three-fourths from Fort Barrancas. It shows from Fort Pickens 44 embrasures, having two tiers of casemate guns and one *en barbette*. None of the latter, however, are mounted, and but few of the former.

"The fort is on an island, being separated from the main land by a narrow, shallow cut (seen on the right), made—during the gale of September, 1858—from the bay through to the lagoon, seen in rear of the fort. In one place the water reaches to the walls of the fort; but near the southeast corner the sand has been thrown so high by the waves as to conceal several embrasures.

"To the south is seen the Water Battery, still unfinished and without guns. To the left of this is the house of the beacon-light keeper and Beacon-light, which is now seldom lighted. The small steamboat entering the harbor is the *Cushing*, which is kept running night and day by the 'harbor police,' for the purpose of cutting off any supplies that citizens, so disposed, might send either to the fleet or fort.

"In the fore-ground is seen the western extremity of Santa Rosa Island, on which Fort Pickens is situated.

"This portion—and, in fact, the whole island—is cut up by irregular sand-ridges, some of the hillocks rising as high as fifteen or twenty feet."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1861.

THE RIGHT OF SECESSION.

THE State of Virginia has decided not to secede; but has adopted, in Convention, a series of resolutions affirming, among other things, the right of a State to secede from the Union at will. In like manner, the State of Missouri, which is overwhelmingly opposed to secession, and the State of Kentucky, in which no Convention has been called, both declare that in the event of forcible measures being taken by the General Government to resist the dismemberment of the Union, they will take sides with the seceded States.

It seems questionable whether the continued alliance of these States, on these conditions, is an unmixed gain. If this Union of ours is a confederacy of States which is liable to be dissolved at the will of any of the States, and if no power rests with the General Government to enforce its laws, it would seem that we have been laboring under a delusion these eighty years in supposing that we were a nation, and the fact would appear to be that the several States of the Union have really been united by no closer bond than that which connects us with Great Britain and France—a mere treaty stipulation, which any of the parties were at liberty to annul at pleasure.

It is of the essence of nationality that the Government of the whole shall be obeyed by each constituent part, and that the covenants of the nation shall bind each and every section thereof. If any one part can declare itself not bound by the national laws and obligations, then no part is bound, and such laws and obligations are mere idle formalities, dependent for their force on the will of the party bound—in other words, absolute nullities. Such a government would be a mere ridiculous fiction: the sooner exploded the better.

Peaceable secession is *organized anarchy*. To-day, it may be the election of a sectional President; to-morrow, the passage of a bad tariff; next, the conclusion of an unpopular treaty; next, the creation of a large debt; next, the declaration of a doubtful war. If the right of secession be admitted, each or any of these causes may be successfully invoked by any State to justify the repudiation of the laws, treaties, and pecuniary obligations of the government. What is this but organized anarchy?

The question, therefore, which is presented to the people of the Northern States by the people of the border States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri is, whether or no they will accept organized anarchy as the normal condition of their political existence, as the price of retaining these States in the Union?

Suppose the Pope, as the sovereign of Rome, and Francis-Joseph, as the sovereign of Venetia, were to say to Victor Emanuel, King of Italy:

"Sire, you are anxious to unite Italy under one head. On certain terms we will confederate with you. You shall give us the benefit of your laws, your army, your navy, your post-office, your national prestige, your power. You shall protect us against the foreign world, so that our citizens shall be safe wherever they go. You shall grant us the benefit of your national credit, so that the money needed for our national public works can be raised. You shall put down robbers and pirates in our midst. In return for this we will give you our allegiance *as long as we please*; but from the hour we decide to withdraw it you shall have no right to coerce us, or to keep us within your dominion by force."

An Italian friend suggests that Victor Emanuel would be likely to reply to this proposal by remarking that it offered him a one-sided bargain; that a compact which could be shuffled off by one of the parties and not by the other was hardly worth making; that if Venetia and Rome really sought admission into the kingdom of Italy, they must first admit that Italy was a nation, and that its laws must be enforced throughout its territory; and that whatever conditions Venetia and Rome sought to make with the parent State, they must not be mentioned until the vital considerations of a stable nationality and a universal acquiescence in the authority of the general laws of the kingdom had been settled beyond dispute.

This, in our friend's opinion, is the way the question would be viewed in Italy.

THE MISSION OF THE NEGRO.

A TIMELY book, pending the present excitement on slavery in this country, is SEWELL'S "ORDEAL OF FREE LABOR IN THE WEST INDIES." Every one knows that the negroes in the British West Indies were emancipated in 1838, and those in the French and Danish Islands in 1848. The negroes in the Spanish Islands are still in a condition of slavery. Mr. Sewell spent two years in traveling through these islands, making observations, collecting statistics, and comparing opinions; the result of his travels is to be found in the compact volume now appearing from the press of the Harpers.

Two opinions are entertained by two antagonistic sects with regard to British emancipation in the West Indies. The prevailing notion in this country is that emancipation was a mistake; that it ruined the islands, and did not benefit the negro; that it sacrificed the white man without helping the black. Another opinion, which is the common notion held in England, is that emancipation—with compensation to the owners—was a noble instance of national devotion to principle; that the islands were ruined, not by emancipation, but by the previous bad management and wasteful living of the planters; and that the negroes, after idling for a generation, as was natural to a race suddenly freed from a bondage of centuries, are now slowly reviving to usefulness, and acquiring habits of labor, industry, and virtue.

The partisans of both these opinions will find material to sustain their views in Mr. Sewell's most conscientious and dispassionate work. That the author has opinions of his own there can be but little doubt. He writes, however, so impartially that we are inclined to think that both the slavery and the anti-slavery leaders will, on the strength of isolated passages and statements, claim him as an ally.

The work will doubtless furnish material for a library of controversial essays on the vexed question.

THE BORDER STATES.

THERE are no States in the Union or out of it which are so deeply interested in the maintenance of peace, order, and good government as Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri. For of all the States, Nature has done most for them. God created them the garden of the continent. Blessed with a soil of unusual fertility, and a climate exquisitely adjusted between the extremes of heat and cold, they enjoy the advantages of both the northern and the southern meridians, and have, if their people do not prevent Providence, a greater future than any other part of the country. They can grow every thing, from the northern potato and apple to the southern cotton-plant, the grape, and the fig. Their soil overlies miles of ores of various kinds, iron, gold, copper, lead, and coal. They stretch in an unbroken line from the great waters of the interior to the great ocean which washes the continent. If they maintain public order and good government, their latitude must render their railroads the great avenue between the West and the East. Their climate is so admirable that it is a miracle they have not absorbed the whole population of the continent. To a dweller in frozen Michigan or torrid Louisiana, life under the genial sun of Virginia seems a dream of impossible bliss. In the shade of the grand old woods of that noble State, with no winter snow-storms, no summer dog-days, no deadly epidemics, no frightful struggle with nature for existence, but just such a rotation of seasons as gives a relish to each, and tempts the earth to bring forth her regular increase, GEORGE WASHINGTON beguiled his declining years with visions of the future glories of his native soil, and of the possible predominance of the Potomac over all other rivers of America. Can such a State seek to emulate the destiny of the desolate regions in Mexico and Central America, to which God, in His Providence, was originally as bountiful as to her?

BETTER THAN DOLLARS.

Is there any thing better than dollars? Actual dollars, bankable, redeemable in gold on presentation?

"No, Sir," says our old friend, COTTON PORK, Esquire, "there is not. Young people talk sentiment about honor, and principle, and patriotism, and that sort of thing; but there is nothing reliable in the world but dollars." And Cotton Pork is sincere. He acts up to his principles. He married a sickly, cross-grained wife whom he did not love, but who had dollars, in preference to a sweet girl whom he loved—as far as he could—but who had none. He commits acts in business daily which are not honorable, and some traduce him therefor; but what matters it? he makes dollars. He marries his daughter to a life of misery and probably crime—for dollars. He starts his son in partnership with a rogue—for the sake of dollars. He is for his country if dollars are on the country's side; otherwise he crawls on his belly to lick the feet of the enemy who offers him dollars. As he says himself: "Honor, patriotism, principle, affection, delicacy—all these are debatable matters: one man sees them in one light, another man in another; but no man disputes that a dollar is a dollar, and worth one hundred cents, if bankable. No, Sir."

Cotton Pork is a Northern man. Mostly from New England, though often transplanted to New York, and doing well in our climate. Some varieties of his genus have been tried at the South, but they don't thrive there. They can't stand so much sun.

At the South—an odd region—dollars are well thought of, to be sure, but still they don't govern. People don't measure each other on plantations by the financial foot-rule; nor is public policy exclusively adjusted to the dollar standard. It seems ridiculous, but people talk and think much more about honor at the South than about dollars. Our friend Cotton Pork is, of course, ready to prove that they are a very deluded race; that they don't agree even among themselves as to what honor requires; and that they would have done much better to have kept their eye always fixed on the main chance. But he don't convince them. In South Carolina they go to prodigious expense, sacrifice the trade of their port, mulct their rich men, and drive their poor out of employment; but they stick firmly to their point of honor. In New York Cotton Pork pooh-poohs the firing on the *Star of the West*, demands the evacuation of Sumter, declares himself ready to vote for slavery in New York, but howls like a wild beast when he is told that New Orleans is going to import gunny cloth. In Louisiana private citizens subscribe for five millions of the new loan of the Southern Confederacy at par—knowing the prospect of the security; in New York Cotton Pork, Esq., condescends to come to the relief of his country by taking United States Treasury notes at twelve per cent. per annum, which, as money is not worth over six, is not so very expensive patriotism.

Yet Cotton Pork is a patriot—in one way. He is dead against civil war. "What!" says he, "imbrue our hands in our brothers' blood—and knock Central down to 50? Deluge the country with gore—and put an end to our trade in pegged boots? Spread havoc through peaceful vales—and deprive us of a market for gunny cloth? Carry the sword and torch into happy plantations—and write off our outstanding Southern claims? Stain the national flag with American blood—and hand over the Southern market to foreigners? Never, never, never!" The good man's bosom warms with the theme, and he denounces fighting with the energy of a Quaker. Strange, how differently they talk down South! They spend no energy in denouncing civil war. They do not want to fight. They seek peace. But if it comes, they will make no wry faces. It will cost them much, but they utter no such philanthropic shrieks as proceed from the mouth of Cotton Pork. They seem to think that there are things worse than fighting in this world—and better than dollars. An odd people, surely.

THE LOUNGER.

CHURCH'S NEW PICTURE.

IN the last number of Thackeray's "Philip" there is some very pleasant talk about artists, *apropos* of our old friend in "The Newcomes," J. J. Ridley, who has now become a Royal Academician. Thackeray has a fond hankering for art and artists. He always describes them well. He loves the Bohemian land in which they are wont to dwell. There is a freshness, a simplicity, a sweetness and pathos in the pursuit of art and the character of artists which especially interest and charm a man who is much in what is technically called the world. Besides, Thackeray's homage to the studio has a pensive regret in its tone, for he wanted to be a painter; and they are his own sketches, the same old familiar faces, with which we are regaled in the illustrations of "Philip."

"To be a painter," says Thackeray, in the character of Arthur Pendennis, "and to have your hand in perfect command, I hold to be one of life's *summa bona*. The happy mixture of hand and head work must render the occupation supremely pleasant. In the day's work must occur endless delightful difficulties and occasions for skill over the details of that armor, that drapery, or what not, the sparkle of that eye, the downy blush of that cheek, the jewel on that neck, there are battles to be fought and victories to be won." And so on to the end of a pleasant paragraph. And who has not thought so a thousand times as he ascended (painters are apt to dwell near heaven) to the studio? As he passed in among the canvases and breathed the atmosphere of paint, who has not thought of Noma entering the sweet-scented wood to commune with the nymph? As he came out again, and descended to earth and walked the streets once more, who has not felt as Mignon felt wandering over Germany but yearning for Italy? What are the happy and fragrant memories of youth and travel? Answer, Cape Greco; answer, Lepre; answer, hilarious nights when, as Topaz jocularly declared, all baggage was at the risk of the owner.

Thinking these things in the luxurious chair in the spacious studio, idly regarding the buffalo plunging headlong from the wall, and the butterfly, burning spot of splendor by his side, we have not yet lifted our eyes to the picture which we have all known was painting for us: the new work of the year, which is as surely and sternly required of a famous painter as of a successful novelist. There it is, at last. It is about the size of the Heart of the Andes, but rather smaller. It is as bold a picture as was ever painted, for there is nothing before you but air, light, and water. In the centre of the middle distance, a huge iceberg, a drifting glacier at sea: beyond it, at the left, the scene opens out into the solemn, dark distance of a sullen sea, with two distant piles and peaks of ice, leading the eye away, away, to the cloudy gloom that muffles the horizon; while beyond it, at the right, in pale blue, luminous shadow, the shining crags, and angles, and buttresses of ice, mingle in receding obscurity—an awful gorge of death and shadowy splendor. In the fore-ground, at the left, a vast jagged cliff of splintering, shattered, crystal green and blue ice stretches from the bottom to the top of the canvas; immediately in front there is a rough and fissured plain of ice, then an opening of water; and at the left foreground a fantastic fret-work worn by ceaseless currents in the ice, floating isles of emerald, azure arches, among which a rock is caught and held, bewilderment of shifting hues. Between the plain of ice and the iceberg of the middle distance, a bay makes up from the outer sea—a bay secluded in mid-ocean by icy continents, that turn, and grind, and rend, and fall thundering asunder, leaving the secluded bay a wild yeast of tossing sea. The long line of ocean swell comes rippling up the reach. There is no sign of human life. All is silence, solitude, and desolation. If the smooth snow-peaks, flushed with sunset, that you see from the terrace at Berne, should meet you nearer, drifting along the coast of Labrador, you would see what you see now in Church's picture.

Much of the charm of such a work lies of course in the exquisite delicacy and play of tint. The transparent gleams; the glimmering vistas of cold, rich light; the shifting, evanescent hues of pools and shining points; the vast, thick ribs of dull green crystal; the ghostly glare—these cast a phantom and poetic spell. The same daring talent that last year did not hesitate to cope with all the intricacy of tropical luxuriance now revels in Arctic magnificence; and the same conscientious fidelity, the same sensitive apprehension of color and light, the same calm self-reliance of the artist, will unquestionably conquer the same success.

THE RIGHT OF REVOLUTION.

THERE is one axiom in which all humane and thoughtful men are agreed; and that is, that war, being among the most fearful of evils, should be postponed as long as the welfare of society allows, and that therefore revolution should be considered as the last and solemn and dreadful appeal. The conscience of mankind sits in perpetual judgment upon every national movement which involves the shedding of blood and brute force as the arbiter of dispute. It holds that a revolution must be clearly shown to be necessary before it can be justified; the hopelessness of legal remedy must be perfectly plain, before the cry for revolution becomes other than a summons to blood and pillage.

When great wrongs have been endured in personal rights or property interest, which it is the object of Government to protect, and the Government declines to defend them, or even insists upon inflicting the wrongs—then, when argument, appeal, entreaty, have failed, there remains but one method, and the Government itself is guilty of provoking the contest. But this can only be true of an unchangeable government. Wherever the Government is constantly and directly responsible to the people, through a Parliament, it is not easy to conceive of a justifiable revolution. For the difficulties that might present themselves would always be more readily solved for the benefit of all, in some constitutional method, than by the blind resort to arms. The Government, of course, could do only what the English Government did at the time of the Chartist riots, maintain general order and insist upon the observance of the laws.

Nor can there be any such thing allowed by men of sense as a prospective revolution; or an appeal to arms to settle difficulties that may arise, but have not yet arisen. Such a principle is the destruction of human society. If, however, a large body of men, discontented with the operation of a political system proposed to change it fundamentally even to the extent of terminating the Government, but strictly according to the terms prescribed by the system itself, by which alone it can be made lawful, no man who honestly believes in the government of the majority, or the practical principle of republics, would wish to prevent such a change. You may go out of my house, certainly; but you must not pull the house down as you go. In other words, you may change the government, if you wish, but only constitutionally, because otherwise you injure those who wish to retain it, and whom you do not wish to injure. Under a popular constitutional government, which provides for its own change, any change which, if seriously desired by any considerable number of citizens, can always be obtained. Why, then, appeal to anarchy?

These are truths which no calm and intelligent man in any part of this country could seriously dispute: and if we all had them sincerely at heart, no trouble could arise among ourselves that might not be amicably settled.

A GALLERY OF CASTS AT LAST.

THE Lounger has often enough spoke of the noble Meng's Museum of casts in Dresden, which contains the most accurate reproductions in plaster of the finest statues in the world. The collection is unique and invaluable; for a plaster cast of a statue is the most perfect of all copies or imitations in art. It was a very feasible thing for some of our wealthy men who would build themselves such a perennial monument as Astor in the Library, Cooper in the Institute, and Vassar in the College, have built, to found a gallery of casts, which should give us in New York an accurate knowledge and enjoyment of what we must otherwise cross seas and travel thousands of miles to behold.

The beginning has at last been made. Thanks to the energy and tact of Henry T. Tuckerman, the fine collection of casts which belonged to the Sculptor Crawford has been secured, and will be held open for free public view and study under the auspices of the Central Park Commission. Those who were travelers in Italy of late years will remember this noble selection, and will appreciate the value of such a nucleus. Like the Egyptian Museum of Dr. Abbott, and the Astor Library, it is one of the natural ornaments of a metropolis; and it is one of those possessions whose value every man of taste and means may increase, by adding casts of such works as are not already included. In this way, rapidly and at the smallest expense, the finest gallery of the kind in the world may be secured.

POSTERITY *vs.* THE POST-OFFICE.

AT last New York is to have a Post-office. The disgraceful shed in which the letter business of the city has been transacted is to give way to a new and, we all hope, an entirely adequate building. The long and loud quarrel over the site has been settled by the Postmaster-General, who retains the present one. The merchants, and all who do business in the immediate vicinity, have been clearly of opinion that for every conceivable reason the site should not be changed. The other merchants, and all who do business further up town, have been equally of opinion that for the same number of equally weighty reasons the Post-office should be transferred to some other spot. Thus our excellent friend the *Evening Post*, which is posted directly opposite the corner of the present office, has been firmly persuaded that it ought to stay where it is; while our other excellent friend the *Tribune*, which fronts the Park, has been unflinching in the faith that it ought to be moved up town, and placed somewhere convenient to the great centre of things—say, for instance, upon the north side of the Park.

But the final authority has decided what ought to have been decided ten years ago, and the new Post-office is to be built upon the site of the old. Of course such a decision is not made without ample reasons. And, after all, although the march of the business-city may be up town, the lower part of the town will always be occupied by stores and counting-houses, consequently by banks, which are their friends and servants. Moreover, the kind of trade which is likely to remain in that neighborhood is the heavy foreign trade, which, with the banks, has a heavy correspondence. Besides, although the Park may, by-and-by, be more of a practical centre than the corner of Cedar Street—and a practical centre is what is wanted—yet why should posterity win all the prizes? Posterity has a capital chance and plenty of plums, as it is. Posterity has drawn the Central Park; and a very pretty prize it is. Why should Posterity grudge us a convenient Post-office? Posterity will doubtless dwell upon the Heights of Weehawken; but we, some of us, who have got the start of Posterity in point of time, live upon Brooklyn Heights. We want our conveniences there and not beyond Hoboken. All in good time. Why will not Posterity consent to be satisfied with its fair share and be pacified? Does it grudge us our little letter-box? Then let it tell us how many letters it writes? Does Posterity correspond with China? (If it does, perhaps it can tell what the postage is, which is more than the Post-office could, or would do, of late.) Does Posterity correspond with any thing but the future? The Postmaster-General has been pestered with an incessant clamor of applicants. But of all vociferous solicitation this of Posterity is the most unpardonable.

A LITTLE CHARITY.

IT is never worth while to get out your forty-pounder to blow up a mosquito. A brush of the finger answers every purpose. Likewise it is always amusing and unnecessary to expend wrath upon any obvious mistakes. Let us reserve wrath for crimes and criminals. Thus a good friend writes to the *Weekly* that he "must hope, for the honor of your literary critic, that it was a typographical error [to say the close of the seventeenth century, when evidently the close of the sixteenth was intended], otherwise his information with regard to the procession of historical events," etc.

Now, what a superfluity of lofty correction is here? If a man of ordinary reading says that at the time of the Reformation, in the middle of the fourteenth century, Luther was the central figure, why not make the ordinary charitable allowance for slips of the tongue? So, if you see what is manifestly a slip either of the pen or the types, why not have the same charity?

MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

WAGNER'S Opera, the *Tannhäuser*, has been produced in Paris, and failed entirely. Money was spent in profusion, every advantage of scenery and costume was afforded, the choruses and the orchestra were perfectly drilled, preliminary puffs, and the national sympathy of the great number of Germans resident in Paris, were not wanting; there was the most ample and careful preparation, as if one of Meyerbeer's great works were to be produced; the Emperor was present on the first and second nights—but the third night has not come. The musical burst in the very crisis of the opera, whereby is expressed a profound and vital spiritual change in the hero's mind, instead of thrilling Paris, made it laugh. That, of course, was the end. "Wagner composes for the Future," says pleasant Paris; "*à la bonne heure*, we won't let our ears stand in their way." And so they pass it on to the Future, scrupulously declining to hear.

Our Philharmonic has played the Tannhäuser overture several times, and we are all more or less familiar with it. There are passages of great beauty and power, and the final triumphal march is certainly very grand. Even laughing Paris does not deny him genius. But there is undoubtedly a grandiose effort throughout which is not satisfactory. You find yourself saying to the instruments, as Hamlet said to the players: Leave your damnable faces and begin. There is an elaborate anticipation and preparation; but when you ask when, in pity's name, is it coming, you learn to your dismay that the *it* has come and passed.

Still a Parisian judgment is only conclusive for Paris, after all. Meyerbeer is the imperative musical fashion in Paris, although he is a German. But, in general, Germany insists upon its own music so strongly that Paris rebels. Paris does not believe there can be a good German singer. "Mon Dieu! they don't know how to open their mouths!" Formes and Standighl, both made their names in London. Jenny Lind, knowing the Parisian jealousy, would never sing in the gay city. "Dear Sir," said another Lounger to this one, as we sat in the *Opera Comique* listening to Ugalde in *L'Ambassadrice*—and how smiling, and pretty, and fluent, and French, it was!—"this Miss Jenny Lind knows too much to come to Paris: we should find her out!" This Lounger was fresh from Berlin, where he had just heard Jenny Lind in the *Somnambula*, and he replied with ardor, "But, my dear Sir, Jenny Lind despises Paris." The other Lounger smiled, as Cleopatra might have smiled if a poor Fellah woman of the Nile had told her that she wouldn't be queen of Egypt. A Frenchman's idea of heaven is Paris, only more so.

So if Wagner has failed in Paris, there may be many reasons for the failure besides the music.

THE CALM CAVOUR.

WHEN the calm Cavour says that the Pope's temporal must be separated from his spiritual power, and that Rome must be the capital of united Italy, it is clear that Garibaldi's dreams are coming true. The cautious Sardinian minister says nothing so bold until he has seen how his words may be made good; and there can be no doubt that we shall soon see another act in the Italian drama. The Pope, in his turn, protests. Cardinal Antonelli has answered About's pamphlet. The Bishop of Poictiers, in France, launches his mimic thunders at the Emperor. Austria threatens in Venetia; but Cavour, sagacious, moderate, wise, does not hesitate to raise his fatal hand and write *Mene, mene* upon the walls of the political Vatican.

It shows how deeply persuaded the most astute of Italian statesmen is of the inevitable course of events in his country. From the Alps to Tarentum, from the Gulf of Genoa to the Adriatic, Italy is to be one and free. Then comes the great struggle—after the battle is fought comes the organization of victory. Triumph is often more trying than defeat to great causes; and a wise man may well tremble when his cause succeeds. But with the spirit now pervading Italy—with that heroic fervor which always sustains and distinguishes popular movements based upon the great principles of human liberty and progress—there is no reason to doubt the triumph of the Italian people if they are only permitted a fair fight.

Cavour is full of respect for the spiritual position of the Pope. So is Louis Napoleon. They have no objection to his being a bishop as much as he will. But why the shepherd of souls should insist upon governing bodies they do not see. And failing to see, they will put an end to that branch of the business.

ADVICE.

"A PENITENT SUFFERER" has offended a lady in a matter that does not admit of explanation or apology, and wishes to know how to regain her good opinion. Why, if you will not explain or apologize, you can only conduct yourself as usual, and leave time to show her that you are the unoffending man you feel yourself to be.

But there is no case of the kind that does not admit of explanation. If offense is taken upon a misunderstanding, remove the misunderstanding. At least nine-tenths of the quarrels in society are the fruit of just such feeling as a Penitent Sufferer expresses—that the case does not admit of clearing up. Take the bull by the horns. If it be an *équivoque*, a *double entendre*, don't be afraid of it, but set it right. Mr. Sufferer, if you really value the favor of the lady, you will not consent to lose it through a misunderstanding.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AMERICAN METEOROLOGY.—"Now, boy, what are aërolites?" "Guess they're the remains of secedin' Stars smashed to pieces, that have tumbled out of the sky."

Which of the Italian Princes is the most to be pitied?—The one who is out of Lucca.

SHOP AND FREEDOM.

[From *Punch*.]

Though with the North we sympathize,
  It must not be forgotten
That with the South we've stronger ties,
  Which are composed of cotton;
Whereof our imports mount unto
  A sum of many figures;
And where would be our calico
  Without the toil of niggers?

The South enslaves those fellow-men
  Whom we love all so dearly;
The North keeps Commerce bound again,
  Which touches us more nearly.
Thus a divided duty we
  Perceive in this hard matter—
Free Trade, or sable brothers free?
  Oh won't we choose the latter!

INDIGESTION FROM IRISH STEW.

The disruption of the once United States was at first wholly attributed to difference of opinion on the subject of Slavery, and next in part ascribed to diversity of views and interests respecting commercial legislation. Another and more powerful cause may also have contributed to produce a result so much to be deplored and blushed for by all the friends of representative government. During many years a great emigration of disaffected Irishmen had been continually increasing the population of the American Republic. For a long time America digested them. Perhaps, however, the nutriment which she has gone on deriving from Ireland so long, may have at last disagreed with her, occasioning constitutional disturbance, which is, in a great measure, nothing more than an outbreak of a suppressed Irish malady, the fever which, with a smouldering fire, has always burned for Repeal of the Union.

THE SCARCITY ACCOUNTED FOR.—We are told by nurses, and other moral-mongers, that the Truth must not be told at all times. This may be one of the reasons why the Truth is so rarely told at all.

Monarchs sit in their palaces, and command sea and land; all men pay tribute to monarchs; but women make monarchs pay tribute to them.

THERE ARE NO CHILDREN NOWADAYS.

FOND PARENT. "Shame on you, Julia! You know you have been out to a number of parties this season. Weren't you out last Tuesday, Miss?"

YOUNG LADY (*of about nine years of age*). "Pshaw! I don't call that a party. Why, there were no ices!!!"

A young lady complained that she could not accept an invitation to a ball, as she had no *beau*. "I'll go with you," said the gentleman addressed; "for," added he, "*am-a-bo.*"

"Mamma," said a little fellow, whose mother had forbade him to draw horses and ships on the mahogany sideboard with a sharp nail—"mamma this ain't a nice house. At Sam Rackett's we can cut the sofa, and pull out the hair, and ride the shovel and tongs over the carpet; but here we can't get any run at all!"

The chap who recently converted his hat into a brick-yard has plucked the feathers from the wing of a house.

John asked Julia if she would have him. "No," said she, "I will not have you;" but before John could recover from the shock, she archly put in, "but you may have me!"

To attract customers Fume has put up an Electric Clock in his shop, and is terribly annoyed by boys running in to inquire the time of day. The other evening, as we were buying a cigar, a little shaver came in with the usual "Please, Sir, tell me what time it is." "Why, I gave you the time not a minute ago," said the astonished tobacconist. "Yes, Sir," replied the lad, "but this is for another woman."

A schoolmaster thus describes a money-lender: "He serves you in the present tense; he lends in the conditional mood; keeps you in the subjective; and ruins you in the future!"

"Billy, how did you lose your finger?" "Easy enough," said Billy. "I suppose you did—but how?" I guess you'd a lost yourn if it had been where mine was." "That don't answer my question." "Well, if you must know," said Billy, "I had to cut it off, or else steal the trap."

"Where shall I put this paper so as to be sure of seeing it to-morrow?" inquired Mary Jane of her brother Charles. "Oh, on the looking-glass, to be sure," was the reply.

Who is a very unpopular officer with some of the ladies? General House-work.

In what vehicle did the man ride who was "driven frantic?" When a man revolves much in his mind, does it make him dizzy? If all things are for the best, where do the rations for the second best come from? What is the exact width of a broad grin?

Which is the queen of roses in the gardens?—The rose of the watering-pot, for it rains over all the others.

If you court a lady who has a Count among her suitors you will probably be counted out.

Machinery, like some great personages and a good many thieves, often travels around *incog.*

It is to be feared that the quality of tenderness is much more frequently found in beef-steaks than in husbands or wives.

The man that was stuck up with pride has been taken down, and hangs on his own hook at present. In case the hook should give way, let him lie upon his own liabilities until he is prepared to sleep on a clear conscience.

It is as easy to do a "wise" thing as one that is quite "otherwise." One of the very wisest things that can be done just now is to send 75 cents to the Publishers of *Harper's Weekly*, and receive, postage-paid, a copy of "SILAS MARNER," the new Novel by the Author of "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss."

"Have I not, my son, given you every advantage?" "Oh, yes, but I couldn't think of taking advantage of *you*, father."

"Is it possible, Miss, that you don't know the names of some of your best friends?" "Certainly; I do not even know what my own name may be in a year from this time."

THE STRONGEST KIND OF A HINT.—A lady asking a gentleman to see if one of her rings will go on his little finger.

"Who goes there?" said an Irish sentry of the British legion at St. Sebastian. "A friend," was the prompt reply. "Then stand where you are, for, by the powers, you're the first I've met with in this murtherin' country."

At a small town where Jenny Lind and Barnum had stopped to rest, the latter told the folks that if they would raise fifteen hundred dollars he would let them hear Jenny sing. The proposition was agreed to, and a large barn was procured. As Jenny was singing the "Bird Song," a tall fellow, who seemed to think he had been "sorter" taken in three dollars' worth, exclaimed, on Jenny's repeating the words, "I know not, I know not why I am singing"—"The darnation ye don't! Well, I can tell ye; ye are singing for fifteen hundred dollars—three dollars a top-knot all round; and there's no use of telling folks ye don't know why ye are singing. I guess dad's corn will find out."

A young lawyer, who had long paid his court to a lady without much advancing his suit, accused her one day of being "insensible to the power of love."

"It does not follow," she archly replied, "that I am so, because I am not to be won by the *power of attorney*."

"Forgive me," replied the suitor: "but you should remember that all the votaries of Cupid are *solicitors*."

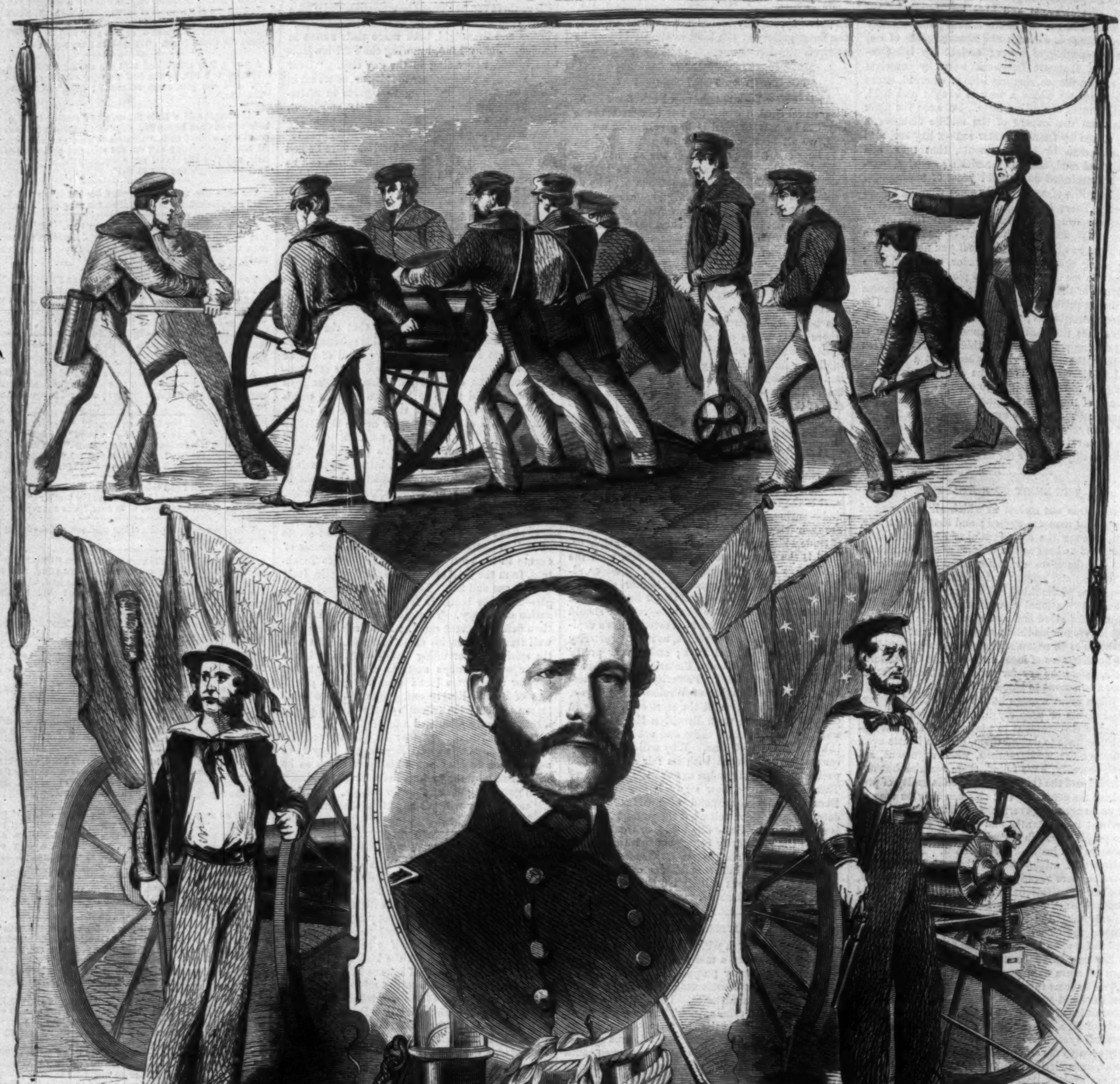
"I declare, mother," said a pretty little girl, in a pretty little way, "'tis too bad! You always send me to bed when I am not sleepy, and make me get up when I am sleepy!"

A gentleman inquired of a humble Hibernian the reason why his countrymen are so apt to make bulls. "I'll tell you that, your honor," replied Paddy. "We never make bulls in our own language; it is when we speak English that we do it—so, your honor, they are *English Bulls*, not Irish."

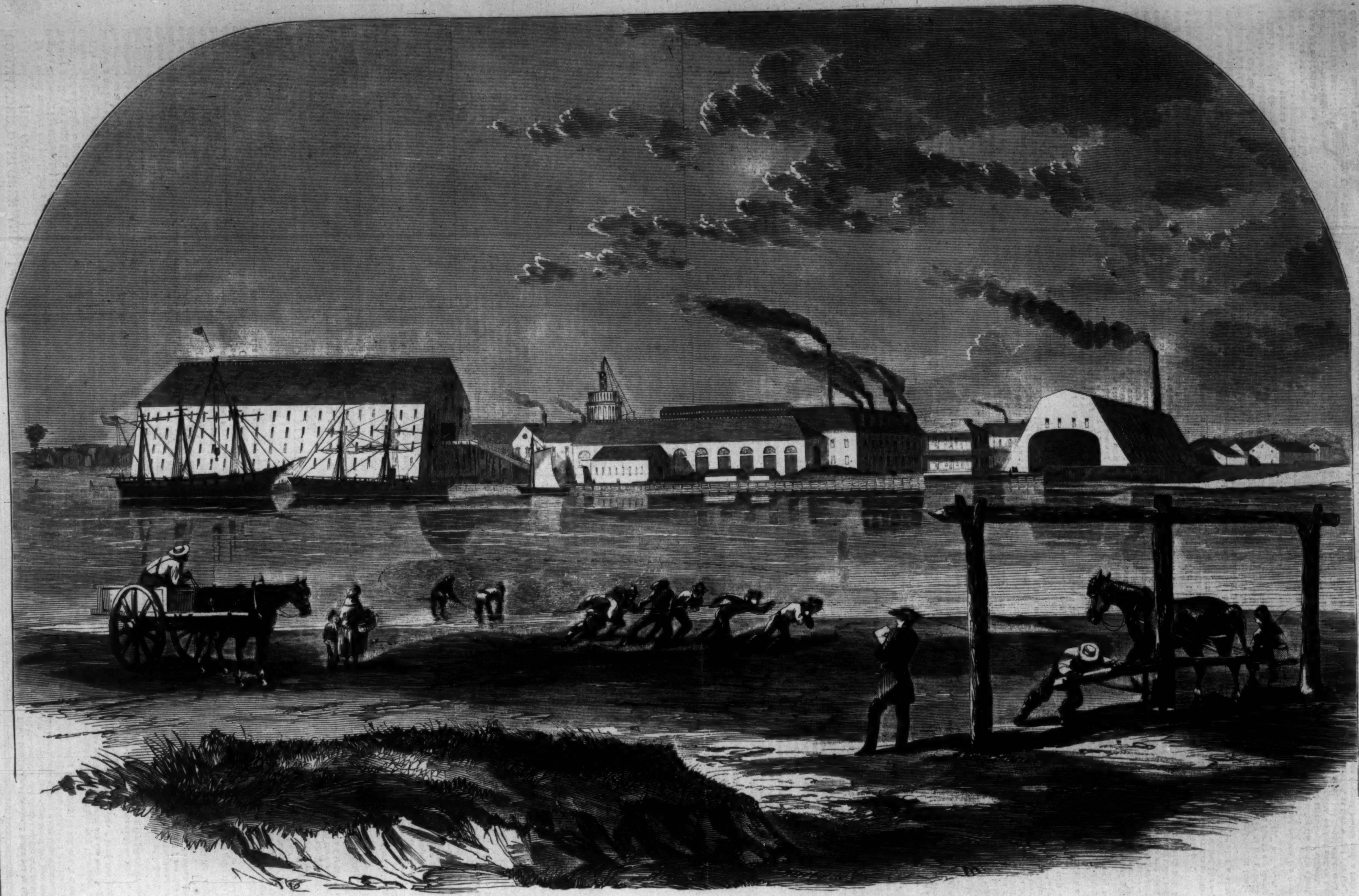
A letter was received in New Orleans directed "To the biggest fool in New Orleans." The postmaster was absent, and on his return one of the younger clerks informed him of the letter. "And what became of it?" inquired the postmaster. "Why," replied the clerk, "I did not know who the biggest fool in New Orleans was, so I opened the letter myself." "And what did you find in it?" "Why," responded the clerk, "nothing but the words, 'Thou art the man!'"

The late Professor D——, prior to his appointment to his chair, was rector of an academy in Forfarshire. He was particularly reserved in his intercourse with the fair sex; but, in prospect of obtaining a professorship, he ventured to make proposals to a lady. They were walking together, and the important question was put without preliminary sentiment or note of warning. Of course, the lady replied by a gentle "No!" The subject was immediately dropped; but the parties soon met again. "Do you remember," at length said the lady, "a question which you put to me when we last met?" The Professor said that he remembered. "And do you remember my answer, Mr. D——?"—"Oh yes," said the Professor. "Well, Mr. D——," proceeded the lady, "I have been led, on consideration, to change my mind."—"And so have I," dryly responded the Professor. He maintained his bachelorhood to the close.

When we see a man ostentatiously buying books that he never intends to read, and that he couldn't understand if he did, we are reminded of deaf men buying tickets to the opera, and blind ones to picture-galleries.



COMMANDER DAHLGREN, U.S.N., AND THE DAHLGREN GUN.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.]—SEE PAGE 246.



THE WASHINGTON NAVY-YARD, WITH SHAD FISHERS IN THE FOREGROUND.—[See Page 246.]

COMMANDER DAHLGREN AND HIS GUNS.

In a recent number we published a picture of Captain Rodman's big Columbiad at Fort Monroe. We now publish on page 244 a series of pictures illustrating the Dahlgren gun, with a portrait of Commander Dahlgren.

This distinguished officer of the United States Navy is a native of Pennsylvania. He entered the service as a Midshipman in 1826; became a Lieutenant in 1837, and a Commander in 1855. For the last fifteen years he has been engaged at the Navy-yard at Washington in superintending the construction of artillery. The service owes to him, first, the heavy guns which bear his name, and also a very efficient armament for boats, consisting of 12 and 24-pound bronze howitzers of light pattern, which throw shells, shrapnel, and canister. Before his time boats were armed merely with shot guns, carronades, and land pieces, which were obviously unsuitable for service at sea. His vigilance and energy have now provided our boats with an admirable system of ordnance, and contributed not a little to the general efficiency of our naval gunnery.

The large Dahlgren guns with which our new steam frigates are armed are regarded as the most perfect models yet constructed. The weight of metal between the muzzle and the trunnions is reduced, and is placed about the breech, where most strength is required. In length, range, and height the 8-inch Dahlgren does not differ materially from the 32-pounder. Its dimensions are as follows:

Length of bore	100·3 inch.
Weight	63 cwt.
Range at 5° elevation, with 9 pounds powder	1776 yards.

The navy 32-pounder sends a ball or shell 1930 yards, when fired at an elevation of 5° with nine pounds powder. The great 9 and 11-inch guns are still an experiment.

The fuse used in the Dahlgren howitzers was invented by Colonel Borman, of the Belgian Artillery. Our correspondent writes: "When the charge is to be placed in the gun, the time for explosion—from a quarter of a second to five seconds—can be obtained by cutting away the soft metal of which the cover to the fuse chamber is composed at the time, as marked upon the fuse. The discharge of the piece ignites the fuse, which, burning the time marked, reaches the chamber of grained powder, which explodes the thin covering between the contents of the shell, and explodes the whole. I have seen the Dahlgren howitzer discharged four times within twenty seconds. Each shrapnel contains eighty musket-balls; this would give nearly a thousand balls per minute from a single piece—and then, too, the shell is exploded at will at any given point."

THE WASHINGTON NAVY-YARD.

We publish on page 245 a view of the Washington Navy-yard, showing the shad-fishers in the fore-ground pursuing their peaceful calling, and the engines of dread war in the whole back-ground of the picture.

The Washington Navy-yard lies on the north bank of the Anacostia, a branch of the Potomac, about one mile from the junction. The waters of this stream are of considerable width, and though the channel is very narrow, it has been practicable for the largest ships of war; but from neglect it is now so choked by deposits that only at high-water and with great care can vessels of 17 and 18 feet get to the navy-yard. This navy-yard was located very soon after the city itself, and being at the seat of Government, has been more used for building and fitting ships than its remoteness from the ocean might be supposed to make convenient. The *Chesapeake* was prepared here for sea in 1807, previous to her encounter with the *Leopard*. In 1814, when the British occupied Washington, a fine frigate, in process of building, and the *Argus*, 18, were burned to prevent their being taken. The *Columbus*, 74 (1819); frigates *Potomac* (1821), *Brandywine* (1825), and *Columbia* (1836); sloops-of-war *St. Louis* (1828), and *St. Mary's* (1844); schooners *Grampus*, *Shark*, and *Experiment*; and the steam-frigate *Minnesota* (1855), were all built here.

The yard is best known, however, for its facilities in preparing supplies for the Navy of a peculiar description.

All the anchors and chain cables for the Navy are made here, under the eye of that faithful old son of Vulcan, Mr. Tucker. This has been his province for nearly half a century, and though scarcely as active as he has been, he is yet to be seen, early and late, in the active performance of his business, and the full vigor of a green old age.

The range of new buildings for the manufacture of steam-engines is perhaps unsurpassed in this country for its extent, convenience, and excellent machinery. Here was made the engine of the *Minnesota*; and if it sustains the same standard of work in future, the establishment need not fear competition in any quarter. Since that the engine of the *Richmond* was executed, and now the mechanics are busy putting up that of the *Pensacola*, a new design by Mr. Sickles. Here presides Mr. Bright, an able and industrious engineer, who was trained in the yard.

In the ordnance buildings are manufactured all the bronze howitzers for the Navy, also supplies of various kinds, such as fuses and rockets, shrapnell, shell, etc., for the howitzers, caps and ammunition for the small-arms.

This is under the direction of Captain Dahlgren, by whom all the present establishment was designed and put into operation during the last ten or twelve years, except the Laboratory, which owes its existence to the late Mr. Costar, an accomplished pyrotechnist.

The several parts of this branch are the Mechanical Department, the Laboratory, the Gun Foundery, carriage-makers, etc.

One of the most important is the experimental Battery, where may be seen every model of artillery, new or old, rifled or smooth, and where have been first put into practice the important changes that are noticeable in the new steamers of the Navy.

The entire yard is under the command of Captain Buchanan, and its beautiful condition is not only creditable to his personal taste and industry, but is evidence that an officer so distinguished for his ability on board ship can be equally so in a yard. He may well be proud of the praise accorded him in and out of his profession.

Here, too, in the extensive and excellent buildings and facilities of the yard, as indeed of every other navy-yard in the United States, may be observed the results of able and faithful management by the veteran who directs the affairs of the Bureau of Yards and Docks—Commodore Jos. Smith—one of the few who have survived the perils of 1812, and the labors of continued service since that epoch. He played an active part in the stubborn fight on Lake Champlain, and now seems hardly touched by the intervening period of half a century.

THE UNITED STATES FLEET OFF FORT PICKENS.

We publish on pages 248 and 249 a picture of the United States fleet now lying off Fort Pickens, Florida. It consists of the steam sloop *Brooklyn*, the frigate *Sabine*, the sloop of war *St. Louis*, the steamers *Crusader* and *Wyandot*, and a supply ship. They lie about three miles off the shore, and form a beautiful picture as seen from Fort Pickens.

The following list will give the strength, and the names of the officers of the several vessels:

FRIGATE "SABINE"—FIFTY GUNS.

Captain—Henry A. Adams. *Lieutenant and Executive Officer*—J. R. Mullany. *Lieutenants*—George P. Welsh, Wm. H. Murdagh, Robert F. R. Lewis, L. H. Norman. *Acting Master*—Wm. P. M'Cann. *Surgeon*—M. G. Delaney. *Passed Assistant Surgeon*—James T. Harrison. *Paymaster*—John F. Steele. *First Lieutenant of Marines*—John Cash. *Boatswain*—Paul Atkinson. *Gunner*—James M. Cooper. *Carpenter*—Wm. D. Jenkins. *Sailmaker*—John Joins. *Master's Mates*—R. L. Parker, Val. Voorhees, Daniel Dunsmore, Wm. S. Roche, John Skillman, J. R. Crockwell, Thomas Garvey. *Captain's Clerk*—B. H. Lane. *Purser's Clerk*—John M. Falk.

STEAM-SLOOP "BROOKLYN"—TWENTY-FIVE GUNS.

Captain—William Walker. *Lieutenants*—James A. Doyle, J. C. Williamson, Albert W. Smith, William N. Jeffers, William Mitchell, H. A. Adams. *Surgeon*—Lewis W. Minor. *Paymaster*—Thomas H. Looker. *Assistant Surgeons*—T. W. Leach, M. P. Christian. *Lieutenant of Marines*—George R. Graham. *Engineers*—Joshua Follansbee, W. B. Brooks, Marshall P. Jordan, James W. Wittaker, Henry Snyder, E. F. Mayer, Jun., John K. Neill.

SLOOP "ST. LOUIS"—TWENTY GUNS.

Captain—Charles H. Poor. *Executive Officer*—Lieutenant J. D. Todd. *Lieutenants*—W. W. Low, M. P. Jones, G. E. Belnap. *Surgeon*—John O. C. Barclay. *Paymaster*—G. T. Pierce. *Assistant Surgeon*—J. O. Purnett. *Marine Officer*—Lieutenant H. L. Graham. *Boatswain*—P. A. Chassen. *Gunner*—J. W. Searle. *Carpenter*—James M'Donald. *Sailmaker*—L. B. Wakeman. *Clerks*—Captain's, W. Gordon; Paymaster's, W. Shelbrick.

STEAMER "CRUSADER"—EIGHT GUNS.

Lieutenant Commanding—T. A. M. Craven. *Lieutenants*—J. M. Duncan, J. E. Jewett, and A. E. K. Benham. *Passed Assistant Surgeon*—J. W. B. Greenhom. *Master*—Rush R. Wallace. *Engineers*—First Assistant, J. A. Grier; Third Assistants, L. Campbell, O. H. Lackey, and J. D. Lining.

STEAMER "WYANDOT"—FIVE GUNS.

Lieutenant Commanding—Abner Read. *Lieutenants*—J. R. Eggleston, J. M. Stribling. *Assistant Surgeon*—Algernon S. Garnet. *Engineers*—First Assistant, W. H. Cushman; Third Assistants, M. H. Plunkett, K. Wilson. *Purser*—Emery J. Brooks.

STORE-SHIP "SUPPLY"—TWO GUNS.

Captain—Alexander Gibson. *Lieutenants*—C. H. B. Caldwell, James S. Maxwell, Alfred Hopkins. *Master*—J. A. Howell. *Assistant Surgeon*—A. W. Sandford. *Paymaster*—E. W. Dunn. *Clerks*—Captain's, John Van Dyke; Paymaster's, A. C. Bowie.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE "ATLANTIC" AND "BALTIC" WITH TROOPS.

On Saturday, April 6, the *Atlantic* sailed under sealed orders, with several hundred United States troops and military stores on board; and on Monday following the *Baltic* also sailed with the like freight. We publish on page 252 a couple of pictures illustrating the shipment of military stores, etc., on board these vessels. The *Herald* reporter thus describes the scene:

ON BOARD

the ship every thing betokened the mission on which she is bound. On every side something was met that spoke of war; the decks were covered with loose plank, around the sides of the vessel were ranged a number of water-casks, while piled up for future disposition were boxes of shell and other warlike implements, among which were several boxes of the newly rifled carbines used by the artillery. The upper deck, at the bow, was devoted to the erection of stalls for the use of the horses that were to be received on board. These were constructed with regard both to strength and comfort, the sides and back being very carefully padded, so as to secure the animals from injury during the passage. Eighty of these stalls were erected, completely filling up the front part of the vessel. Every measure has been adopted that was at all practicable to secure the comfort of the animals.

The sleeping accommodation for the soldiers are little better than the horse-stalls—rough boards carelessly nailed together forms the bedstead on which the men are to stretch themselves, and more than stretch themselves they can't, there being very close quarters for one, where two are intended to be put. It is intended that each of these stands will hold six men, and as they are very narrow, very high, and packed together as close as it is possible to do so, they will be able to carry a great number in a very small space. The cabin, state-rooms, and other portions of the vessel remain unchanged.

In the fore-part of the hold an immense quantity of provisions are stored—flour, meats, bags, barrels, and parcels are carefully stored away, and there is little fear of their provisions falling short, at least for some time; the rest of the hold is filled with the guns, carriages, forges, and stores that may be needed at whatever place they may be bound for.

THE EMBARKATION

of the troops and armament was conducted in the usual military style. Some curiosity was manifested as to how so many horses (seventy-eight) were to be got on board, as the steamer was lying several feet from the dock, but the presence of two strongly-built stalls soon explained that. The horse was quietly placed in one of the stalls, and almost before he had time to know where he was, the steam-hoisting apparatus had placed him with his companions on board the ship. The time employed in putting all the animals in their quarters was incredibly short, only a few moments being given to each. The guns and their heavy carriages were stowed away carefully, and the baggage next received the proper attention.

The steam-tug *R. L. Mabey* at five o'clock came alongside; her deck was densely crowded with soldiers from Fort Hamilton, and there was some little delay in getting them on board the larger vessel. They presented a strange sight, with their knapsacks, water-bottles, cans, and other accoutrements. They are nearly all young men—fine, healthy young fellows, and full of spirit.

THE SAILING OF THE "BALTIC."

The work of shipping a cargo on the *Baltic* was prosecuted with unceasing vigor during the whole of Sunday night and yesterday, until the moment of departure. The articles shipped embrace ordnance tools, muskets, foraging carts, and forge vices. A large number of gunny bags was in the list. These gunny bags possess a warlike character, inasmuch as they are used in throwing up redoubts, and are also very serviceable in protecting a boat's crew in approaching a battery.

Among the commodities shipped was a remarkable quantity of spirituous liquors of all kinds, the labels attached to which were oftentimes rather ludicrous, especially such as the following: "58 bottles firemen's rum."

During the afternoon the workmen were principally engaged in shipping provisions and ammunition on board the *Baltic*. A number of Bengalee lights were also shipped.

Toward five o'clock the steam-tugs *R. L. Mabey*, *C. P. Smith*, and *Catlin* came to the dock with 500 troops. The *R. L. Mabey* placed 160 men, from Governor's Island, on board the *Baltic*, after which the steamship moved slowly out from the dock, the soldiers on the top deck cheering, and gaining the middle of the river, turned toward the Bay and went out to sea. She passed the Narrows at seven P.M., accompanied by the steam-tug *Yankee*, which has been chartered by the Government.

Y^E KNYGHTE, Y^E SQUIRE, AND Y^E LADYE.

A METRICAL ROMANCE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Sir Walter de Grey was a gallant young knight
As ever was seen at a feast or a fight—
Ever first at the battle and first at the board,
Were it blood to be spilled or good wine to be poured.
He had rode with six sword-strokes bestowed on his crest—
Twice that number of pints might be stowed 'neath his vest;
And little the marvel that Walter was tough,
For the life of a ruffler in that day was rough.
The most of his time in the saddle was spent,
Or, when arms tired his arms, he retired to a tent,
And hung out a trumpet in reach of his foes,
A blow upon which was precursor of blows!
Of a sooth his armed heels he might proudly display,
For he won them their spurs upon Ascalon's day,
Though then but a squire, he so wrought in the fight
That Richard at bed-time said, "Walter, good knight!"
He had charged on the Moslem alone, without feres,
And had raised such a din about Saladin's ears,
That the foe to their Prophet cried, "Shield us, we pray,
From the old devil black and this young devil Grey!"

Sir Walter, of course, was a favorite with dames—
The reason none know, and sure nobody blames;
But certain it is that bright plumes and bright swords
Have made bright eyes forget both the Lord and their lords,
And that down to this day there is nothing that charms
The sex called divine like a good "man at arms."
To tell truth of my knight, our Good Lady above
Came in for a very small share of his love;
If he knelt at her shrine, it is more than I know,
But I'll vouch that he knelt him to many below;
For these saddle-trained men were sad rovers at best,
And their love—like their lances—but seldom knew rest.

Sir Walter for squire had as merry a knave
As ever braced helmet or buckled a glaive.
Stout John was the man a young master to aid,
For, ready alike with his tongue and his blade,
He would ride by your side, and cut throats or a joke,
As the need might demand or the humor provoke.
He could tell you long stories—some sad and some queer—
Of a Barbary far and of Barbaras near;
For John had explored every nook in the world
Where a petticoat fluttered or pennon unfurled—
He had followed the steps of an optician knight
Who sought to restore the old Sepulchre's site,
Yet I grieve to record did not save it from loss—
They were crossed in their efforts by foes of the Cross!
But I can not recount every region and spot
Where my good John had been—nor can you where he'd not!

Well:
As the knight and his squire scoured the country one day,
In quest of some straggler to succor or slay,
They espied a fair castle—the evening was nigh,
And our heroes were weary, and hungry, and—dry.
Said the squire, "What will next be the move of the knight?"
Quoth Sir Walter, "I'll castle." Said John, "That move's right!"
So they spurred on like men of decision and tact,
On the spur of the moment accustomed to act,
Till they came to the gates—not a soul was exposed,
The draw-bridge was up and the portcullis closed;
But a horn hung outside—they had never heard tell
In that quaint Middle Age of a door with a bell.
Quoth stout John, "When a traveler is wearied and worn,
He can not be censured for taking a horn!"
So he put to his lips, and he wound such a blast
That the church-yards all round thought that day was the last;
And a Gambler who long had lain still as a dump
Stepped out and demanded if that was the trump.
While the Baron inside swore he hadn't a doubt
"If that man were a candle he'd blow himself out."
And the old warder sprang to unfasten his chains,
Lest the parties outside should blow out their brains.
"You make," said the graybeard, as John cantered through,
"More noise with one horn than the Foul Fiend with two!"

Inside of the castle was feasting and cheer—
It was wassail and wine, beef, brandy, and beer—
Till the evening had waned, when the Baron arose:
"Fair Sirs, if it please, ere we go to repose
A few strains on the harp my daughter shall play."
"We attend the fair harpist," said Walter de Grey.
Don't tremble, good reader, I mean not to tell
Of the beauties and charms of the fair Isabel;
For Sir Walter that night bored the poor sleepy John
With such tales of these trifles that, when he had done,
The squire spoke him, briefly: "I see, though too late,
This castling was wrong—it will end in a mate."

That night my poor knight very little sleep knew,
And he woke up his squire ere the cock fairly crew.
"God save us!" cried John, "have this young damsel's charms
Turned thy brain, that thus early we take us to arms?"
Quoth the knight, "Save thy jokes, for they please me not well;
We fell on this castle—you wot what befell.
Unhelmed and unhorsed, on my knees and in need,
I have called on my squire—shall I see thee secede?"
"Nay, nay," said stout John; "and no caitiff shall dare
Say the squire leaves the knight till the knight leaves his square.
You shall mount, and I'll make you quite rich in a trice
With the coin that rich men give to poor—good advice.
If you're saddled by love, and the boy's bridal rein
Holds you steady in check, it is useless to strain,
And fret, and grow restive, man, learn from the horse,
And take the field fair like a courser, of course."
"Alas! my good squire," said Sir Walter de Grey,
"I've heard horses whinny and fillies cry neigh."
Quoth John, "I have ridden beside thee in fight,
And each deed was indeed like a gallant Sir Knight;
Upon bombards we've charged in the far sunny South—
Shall we blench from the fire of a fair lady's mouth?"

Sir Walter was silent, but soon he arose,
And in dressing that morning he donned his best clothes.
Perhaps I am wrong, but I've noticed this much:
When young men to their dress give artistical touch,
The thing is portentous as clouds in the sky—
You may know that a wedding or funeral is nigh.
Well, Sir Walter that morning threw armor afar,
And instead of his falchion he bore a guitar;
In the garden below soon a tinkling was heard,
And the Baron, half-roused, damned an innocent bird.
I remember that once some young ladies next door
Had a serenade—time, in the morning at four—
And they opened their window and flung out bouquets
On the brazen young ass who'd woke me with his brays;
I remarked to my wife, had he come beneath ours,
I'd have flung out some favors more weighty than flowers.
But tastes don't agree—to return to my theme,
I'll tell you the words that broke Isabel's dream.

THE KNIGHT'S SONG.

Oh, Lady, leave thy slumber now,
For birds their matins tell;
The gems of Night deck Morning's brow:
Come down my Isabel!

The rose is breathing its sweet prayer,
And every lily-bell
Is ringing fragrance on the air:
Come down my Isabel!

And I have found an angel's tear—
This dew upon the dell—
To mirror back thy beauty clear:
Come down my Isabel!

I bent above a blushing flower,
And heard the rose queen tell
To bring the brightest to her bower:
Come down my Isabel!

The stars swing silent in the sky,
So soft the zephyr's swell,
It scarce can drown a lover's sigh:
Come down my Isabel!

The lady came down, the knight knelt in the dew,
What he said as he knelt there is nothing to you;
The act was imprudent, he spoiled his guitar
And returned to the house with a shocking catarrh.

When Sir Walter and John after breakfast had met—
John never stirred out while the grass-plat was wet:
"Tell me now," said the squire, "have we gleamings of light?
One would say by thy face 'twas a very dark knight."
It was Walter that spoke, and his tongue was as slow
As the bell's that is tolled to tell tidings of woe:
"Alas for my love, and alas for its grief,
And alas for my lady, her father—the thief—
To the musty old church his fair daughter has given,
And to-morrow the maid will be wedded to Heaven!"

Loud laughed the stout squire, "By this blade good and bright,
I will swear she had rather be wed to a knight!"

"One hope," said Sir Walter, "one only remains,
The hand that has forged may unrivet the chains."
So they sought out the Baron, they found him at play
With two kittens—his felines were tender, you'll say—
Sir Walter spoke deftly, "Thy daughter is fair
As the brow of the morning and pure as a prayer,
Through all the wide land can no lady be found."
The Baron called "puss" and he looked on the ground:
"What's this," whispered Walter, "why calls he the cat?"
"I opine," said the squire, "that he smelleth a rat!"

The Baron then spoke. "In his young knightly days
He'd been given," he said, "to some weak, wicked ways—
Such as sacking of churches and burning of priests,
And robbing poor boors of their beauties and beasts;
But long since of his sins he repented sincere—
For the sight of his wine made him think of his bier—
And he'd deeded away both his castle and child,
To atone for deeds done while his young blood ran wild,
And the Abbot had promised that church bells should toll,
And masses of masses be said for his soul;
And he hinted that now, since the day was well through,
The knight should go on, and he wished him a-dew!"

"By my soul," cried the squire, "what a villainous sham!
It is meet that we met this poor innocent lamb;
How next shall we move, to win us the game?"
"Alas," said Sir Walter, "I fear to my shame
We must call it a draw!" "Nay," said John, "that were green,
Put a check on his Bishop and capture the Queen."

There was bustle next morning the castle about,
It was bustle within and more bustle without,
For, in cowl and in surplice, on foot and on horse,
The monks and the priests had turned out in such force,
That a jester remarked, as they wound o'er the plain,
"No Bishop before dragged behind such a train!"
All was pomp and display: Isabel was to go
As a bride to a convent—conventionally so—

For I've told you before that her heart and her hand,
With their achings and aches, and some acres of land,
Had been pledged to a groom of exceeding great worth,
But vexatiously distant just then from the earth;
So the Bishop himself had consented to ride
At the bride's bridle-rein, and to bridle the bride.
Good sooth, there was bustle enough on that morn—
You'd have thought by the clamor a Ba-bel was born!
But the noise and confusion were doubled, I wist,
When Dame Margy cried that her young miss she missed.

The Bishop first spoke: "By the altar and pyx,
What spawn of the fiend has left us in this fix?
Steal a bride from the altar! a curse on his soul,
As soon I'd have thought he had stolen my stole!

One wag of a monk said that all had gone right,
For "the bridgroom had come like a thief in the night."
But this joke of the cloth on such barren ground fell,
That the merry Anselmo was sent to his cell.

The old Baron swore by his heels and his head,
And his heart and his hair, and by every thing red;
And he launched out his oaths with such desperate force,
That he shocked a poor innocent priest from his horse,
Even strangers, who knew not his title and place,
Would have said by his speech he was barren of grace.
The Abbot he cursed—and the Abbot cursed well—
In the orthodox way, by book, candle, and bell;
He uncorked several vials of desperate wrath,
And poured the contents on the fugitives' path.
But the curses and oaths—though they traveled as fast
As bolts from the bow, or as leaves on the blast—
Could not catch the three rideaways—John on his bay,
The knight on a roan, Isabel with her Grey!
And cooling long since they have hardened to stones,
Which yet block that road to the peril of bones.

MORALE.

Each tale has a purpose—the reader may use
This story of mine for what purpose he choose—
Draw what point he please from the point of my pen,
But one point I must point at all beardless young men.
If you fall into love first try hard to fall out,
If the pit be too deep don't go dawdling about,
Pop the question at once like a bolt from a beau,
For the maid may say yes ere her father can "no;"
Or, should she refuse, don't write verses or die,
But ask her again, and again by-and-by.
If engaged to another, to weaken the links
Just praise up your rival, but hint that he drinks;
If she's gone to get married, put on your best clothes—
She may alter her mind at the altar—who knows?
Though the knot has been tied, do not give up the prize,
But ask her to have you when that husband dies,
For love is like chess—both fields checkered the same—
If *one* move is left you may yet win the game!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ALARM AT CHARLESTON.

On 8th inst. Lieutenant Talbot arrived at Charleston from Washington. He had a conference with Governor Pickens and General Beauregard, but was not allowed to communicate with Major Anderson at Fort Sumter. Lieutenant Talbot started back for Washington on 9th. It is understood that the nature of his conference with Governor Pickens and General Beauregard was to obtain permission for an unarmed store-ship to victual the garrison at Fort Sumter. Permission was refused.

It is understood that Lieutenant Talbot then communicated to Governor Pickens the intelligence that supplies would be sent in to Major Anderson peaceably if they could, forcibly if they must. Immense preparations were immediately commenced suitable to the emergency. Orders were issued to the entire military force of the city, held in reserve, to proceed to their stations without delay.

THE MIDNIGHT PANIC.

At midnight the community was thrown into a fever of excitement by the discharge of seven guns from Citadel Square, the signal for the assembling of all the reserves ten minutes afterward. Hundreds of men left their beds, hurrying to and fro toward their respective destinations. In the absence of sufficient armories, at the corners of the streets, public squares, and other convenient points, meetings were formed, and all night the long roll of the drum and the steady tramp of the military and the gallop of the cavalry resounding through the city betokened the close proximity of the long-anticipated hostilities. The Home Guard corps of old gentlemen, who occupy the position of military exempts, rode through the city, arousing the soldiers, and doing other duty required by the moment. Hundreds of the citizens were up all night. A terrible thunder-storm prevailed until a late hour. The Seventeenth Regiment, 800 strong, gathered thus in one hour, and left for the fortifications early in the morning.

REINFORCEMENTS FROM THE COUNTRY.

Four regiments of a thousand men each were telegraphed for from the country. One of these, from Kershaw District, under command of Colonel Rion, was formed with the understanding not to be called out until the fight was positively at hand. Dr. Gibbs, Surgeon-General, was ordered to prepare ambulances, and make every provision for the wounded, and in all departments was observable the admirable system and discipline with which the State is prepared for this exigency.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FIGHT.

On 9th, the floating battery, finished, mounted, and manned, was taken out of the dock and anchored in the cove near Sullivan's Island. All vessels in the harbor received a notification from General Beauregard to keep out of the range of fire between Fort Sumter and Sullivan's Island, on which Fort Moultrie is situated. As a further military necessity, a house situated near one of the batteries erected against the fort, supposed probably to interfere with its efficient working, was blown up.

Charleston telegrams state: Senator Wigfall, of Texas, and Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia (nearly seventy years of age), shouldered muskets and joined the army as privates. Numbers of old men have done the same. Even cripples are anxious to fight, and may be seen riding with the cavalry.

About 1000 troops were sent to the fortifications on 9th. Messrs. Wigfall, Chestnut, Means, Manning, M'Gowan, and Boyleston, have received appointments in General Beauregard's staff. A large number of the members of the Convention, after adjournment, volunteered as privates. About 7000 troops are now at the fortifications.

MAJOR ANDERSON SUMMONED TO SURRENDER.

At noon on 11th Major Anderson was formally summoned, by General Beauregard, the commander of the secession forces, to surrender Fort Sumter. Major Anderson declined compliance, alleging that such a course would be incompatible with his duty to his Government. The people of Charleston were intensely excited on the receipt of this refusal to surrender the Fort. The piers and housetops, and all the places from whence a view of the harbor could be obtained, were thronged with men and women eager to witness the conflict, which was expected momentarily to begin. No hostile shot, however, was fired on either side. But later in the day negotiations were reopened between the commanders, and pending their conclusion hostilities have of course been postponed. The Federal fleet had not made its appearance off Charleston at last accounts.

The non-arrival of the squadron off Charleston is doubtless due to the heavy gale that has prevailed along the southern coast for the past two or three days. The storm was so severe that a large number of vessels, including several steamers, were obliged to take refuge in Hampton Roads.

BEGINNING OF THE WAR.

On Friday, 12th, at 27 minutes past 4 A.M., General Beauregard, in accordance with instructions received on Wednesday from the Secretary of War of the Southern Confederacy, opened fire upon Fort Sumter. Forts Johnson and Moultrie, the iron battery at Cumming's Point, and the Stevens Floating Battery, kept up an active cannonade during the entire day, and probably during the past night. The damage done to Fort Sumter is stated by the Confederate authorities to have been considerable. Guns had been dismounted, and a part of the parapet swept away.

Major Anderson had replied vigorously to the fire which had been opened upon him, but the Charleston dispatches represent the injury inflicted by him to have been but small. The utmost bravery had been exhibited on both sides, and a large portion of the Charleston population, including five thousand ladies, were assembled upon the Battery to witness the conflict.

Down to our latest advices, the battle had been carried on solely by the batteries of the revolutionists and Fort Sumter. The *Harriet Lane*, Captain Faunce, the *Pawnee*, and another United States vessel, were said to be off the harbor, but had taken no part in the conflict. The *Harriet Lane* is said to have received a shot through her wheel-house.

The opinion prevailed in Charleston that an attempt would be made during the night to reinforce Fort Sumter by means of small boats from the three vessels seen in the offing.

No one had been killed by the fire of Major Anderson, and the casualties among the Confederate troops in the batteries were inconsiderable. There is, of course, no account of the loss, if any, among the garrison of Fort Sumter.

THE SUMMONS TO SURRENDER.

A telegraphic correspondence between the Montgomery War Department and General Beauregard, before the commencement of hostilities, has been published. On April 8 General Beauregard telegraphed that a messenger from President Lincoln had brought word that provisions would be sent to Fort Sumter—peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary. Mr. Walker, the Secretary of War, replied, on April 10, instructing General Beauregard to demand the immediate evacuation of Fort Sumter, and if this was refused, to proceed to attack the fort in the way he thought best. The demand for surrender was accordingly made by General Beauregard, and Major Anderson replied, April 11, "It is a demand with which I regret that my sense of honor and my obligations to my Government prevent my compliance." He added, also, "I will await the first shot, and if you do not batter us to pieces, we will be starved out in a few days." His answer being sent to Montgomery, the Secretary of War telegraphed back that if Major Anderson would state the time at which he would evacuate the fort, it should not be bombarded. To this Anderson would not consent, and upon his refusal hostilities began. The latest of those dispatches, that from General Beauregard to the Secretary of War, bears date April 12, and was received in New York a few hours after it was sent to Montgomery.

SECESSION OF ARIZONA.

Accounts from New Mexico state that the citizens of Arizona, in convention at Mesilla, have voted that Territory out of the Union.

THE GOVERNMENT'S ANSWER TO THE SOUTHERN COMMISSIONERS.

The Southern Commissioners now in Washington on 9th received from the State Department a reply to their note seeking to initiate negotiations for a separation of the seceded States from the Union, and a surrender to them of such of the Federal property as they may desire. Secretary Seward of course declines to receive them in their official capacity, but expresses respect for them as distinguished gentlemen, and declares the intention of the Government to defend itself whenever assailed.

The Southern Commissioners to Washington on 11th sent to the Department of State their rejoinder to the note of Mr. Seward rejecting their offer to treat with reference to the troubles of the nation. They believe war inevitable, and have proceeded to Montgomery to report to the Confederate States Government.

THE NEW LOAN.

The bids for five million dollars of Treasury notes were opened at Washington on 11th. The entire amount was taken at par to 27-100 premium. There were $439,000 more offered than was called for.

NAVAL MOVEMENTS.

The *Atlantic* was chartered by the Government, and sailed on 6th with troops and munitions of war. The *Baltic* and *Illinois* sailed on 8th with similar freight. Orders were issued on same day by the Navy Department to have the *Wabash*, *Vincennes*, and *Savannah*, at Brooklyn, and the *Jamestown*, at Philadelphia, fitted for active service with dispatch. The United States ship *Pawnee* sailed from Norfolk at 6 P.M. on Tuesday, bound South, under sealed orders. There is great activity manifested at the Charlestown Navy-yard (at Boston, Massachusetts), over 800 persons being employed. The brig *Bainbridge* is ready for sea, and waiting for her crew. The steam-frigates *Minnesota*, *Mississippi*, and *Colorado* are also nearly ready. Commodore Stringham is expected to arrive early next week. Business at the Philadelphia Navy-yard is inactive, and there are frequent discharges of men, only two hundred being now employed there. The United States steamer *Water Witch* has gone into commission, and sails during the week. Her destination is unknown. Her crew consists of 70 sailors and marines.

PRESIDENT DAVIS GOING TO CHARLESTON.

Dispatches received from Montgomery state that President Davis was considering the propriety of going to Charleston, being satisfied that Fort Sumter was to be the great strategic point where the issue was to be tried as to the power of the Confederate States Government to maintain itself. He and his friends deemed it his duty to be on the ground.

RUMORED TROUBLE AT WASHINGTON.

The Government has come into possession of such definite information as to warrant them in acting, and on Tuesday evening ten companies, comprising about one-fourth of the militia of the District of Columbia, were ordered into service, and were mustered on Wednesday for inspection. Major Ben. M'Culloch, who has recently been alternating between Washington and Richmond, and who left the former place on Tuesday with the expressed intention of returning to Texas, is reported to be at the head of the contemplated movement—the Texas "journey" being merely a blind. The troops called out will be stationed at various points throughout the city, ready for any emergency.

There are 1200 men under arms in Washington, 700 volunteers and 500 regulars. The Volunteer force can be increased to 2000 at a few hours' notice. All the approaches to the city are guarded. There is said to be an organized disunion conspiracy in the District, with 700 men enrolled.

THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION.

In this body, on 5th, the 6th resolution of the report was amended verbally—the Convention refusing, by a vote of 94 to 64, to declare that Virginia ought not to accept a form of adjustment that would not prove acceptable to the seceded States. The resolution, as adopted, expresses an earnest desire for the re-establishment of the Union in its former integrity, and peace, prosperity, and fraternal feeling. On 8th, the resolution of Mr. Preston, to appoint Commissioners to wait on President Lincoln and ascertain what policy he intended to pursue with regard to the seceding States, was discussed at length and finally adopted—75 to 63. W. B. Preston, Conservative, A. H. H. Stuart, Union, and George W. Randolph, Secessionist, were appointed the Commissioners, and left Richmond for Washington. On 9th, an amendment stating that the Federal authorities have no power to deal with the subject of secession in any way, was voted down—114 to 12. A resolution was adopted—128 to 20—declaring that the Convention was willing that the seceded States should be recognized as independent Powers. An amendment declaring "that in the event of proposed amendments to the Constitution being rejected by the Non-Slaveholding States Virginia will secede," was voted down—57 to 68. On 10th, the twelfth and thirteenth of the pending resolutions were adopted. They oppose all Federal action for holding or retaking the forts in the seceded States, and declare that any action on the part of the United States Government or Confederate States tending to produce a collision pending the efforts for an adjustment of difficulties, will be regarded as leaving them free to determine their own future policy.

THE LATEST FROM FORT PICKENS.

Lieutenant Slemmer has found means of communicating with the Government, in spite of the surveillance exercised by the investing army. He explains why the troops were not landed from the *Brooklyn*, conformably to the orders issued by the War Department several weeks ago. According to his view, Fort Pickens can withstand any assault which may be made by the force now assembled there, or any which is likely to be collected by Jefferson Davis. He has four months' provisions, and feels himself fully able to maintain his position and defend himself, without drawing upon the contingent force at his disposal in the ships of war. In case of an attack, which is not feared, notwithstanding all the demonstrative display, the troops could be landed at a signal, just as easily as at this time. The intelligence was received by telegraph.

AFFAIRS AT KEY WEST.

The *Brooklyn* has returned from her trip to Key West for supplies, and had furnished the other vessels of the fleet with various necessaries. The Commander of Fort Taylor, at Key West, had compelled the inhabitants of that place to haul down all their Confederate State flags, with a polite intimation that two different nationalities could not rule in the place.

THE TROOPS IN TEXAS.

Another of the transports sent to Texas to bring away the United States troops—the steamer *Coatzacoalcos*—reached this port on 11th. She left here on the 16th of March, and arrived at Pass Cabello Bar on the 21st. She started on her return on the 31st, and touched at Key West on the 4th inst., where she landed two companies of infantry. Being unable to obtain water at Key West, she then proceeded to Havana, whence she sailed on the 6th. She brings one company of infantry and six of cavalry, some of the latter of which will probably be immediately sent to Washington. The troops left in Texas, numbering about one thousand, are reported to be in good health, and abundantly supplied with provisions; and in view of recent occurrences, it may now be considered doubtful whether they will be removed.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, on 10th, sent to the Legislature of that State a special message relative to national affairs, and recommending the appropriation of half a million dollars for the proper military organization of the State. He also suggests the establishment of a military bureau at the Capital, and other modifications of the Militia laws, in order that the State may be in the most complete state of readiness for any emergency which may arise. Governor Curtin mentions, incidentally, that he has received a letter from President Lincoln, in which he states that he has information of a design to attack Washington.

THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

The Massachusetts Legislature adjourned on 11th *sine die*. During the session it has authorized the Governor to increase the number of the volunteer militia and to put 2000 troops on a war footing. It has settled the long disputed boundary question between the State and Rhode Island; and has authorized the extension of the Old Colony Railroad to Newport. These are its principal enactments.

SHOCKING MURDER.

We learn from the Salem (Indiana) *Times* that an inhuman wretch, in an adjoining county to Washington, deliberately plotted the following, by which to put his wife to death. It seems that, to accomplish his hellish work, it was necessary to employ his own son, a small boy, to assist him. He set his fence on fire, and instructed his little son to perpetrate the deed. After he had set the fence on fire he sent the little boy to the house after his (the boy's) mother, to come and put the fire out, while he (the father) secreted himself in the woods near by, telling the boy before this, that while his mother was engaged in extinguishing the fire, to approach her from behind and set her clothes on fire, which he did, and before she was aware her clothes were in a blaze, burning them entirely off, and of course burning her to death. The *Times* does not state that the inhuman wretch has been arrested.

PERSONAL.

The Legislature of Kansas has chosen as United States Senators two Republicans, General Pomeroy and James H. Lane.

General Sumner has gone to take charge of the Pacific division, thus superseding General Johnston, who has been some time in command, and who is a kinsman of Mr. Floyd. Unpleasant reports have reached here of late of a probable defection in the army there, and of correspondence carried on between high officers and Jefferson Davis.

Stephen Van Rensselaer, son of the Patroon of Albany, committed suicide on the 8th inst. at a drinking saloon, by swallowing laudanum. Naturally of good abilities, having had every advantage which wealth could furnish, he started in life under the most favorable circumstances. He was thirty-five years old.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* says that there is a Revolutionary soldier now living at Ironton, Iron County, Missouri, named Captain John Hall. "The old hero is now 107 years of age, and was a few months since enjoying good health. The old man relates with much pleasure the scenes and exploits which he passed through in those times that 'tried men's souls.'"

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

LORD PALMERSTON ON OUR CRISIS.

The election of a member for Tiverton, in the room of Lord Palmerston, who had accepted the office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, took place on the 28th ult. Lord Palmerston offered himself for re-election, and was returned without opposition.

Lord Palmerston, in returning his thanks, after alluding to the condition of affairs in England, said:

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"There is but one spot in the political horizon the contemplation of which must inspire us with regret and uneasiness. I mean those convulsions which are now taking place among our cousins in North America, leading to a dissolution of the Union of the formerly United States. It is not for us to judge between the contending parties. It is not for us to say what ought to be; whether compromises ought to be made by which the Union may be maintained, or whether it is best for the happiness of the sections that they should separate, and form respectively different associations and confederacies. But of this I am sure—every man who hears me, every British heart, will feel that it is our cordial wish that, whatever may be the ultimate result of the differences now prevailing, that result may be brought about by amicable adjustments, and that the world may be saved from the afflicting spectacle of seeing brothers arming against brothers, and parents against children, and of seeing that state of social happiness which has hitherto been the admiration of mankind deformed by disputes, and a country which has been the scene of peace and industry polluted by the effusion of blood."

THE FIRST STREET-RAILWAY IN LONDON.

Mr. Train's first piece of street-railway in London was opened on the 23d of March, and he celebrated the event with a banquet, at which he delivered one of his characteristic speeches.

FRANCE.

SPEECH OF THE EMPEROR.

Napoleon received the address from the *Corps Legislatif* on the 23d ult. In returning thanks he said:

"I thank the Chamber for the sentiments which it expresses toward me, and for the confidence which it places in me. If that confidence honors me and flatters me, I think I deserve it from my constant solicitude of only looking upon questions in a point of view of the real interests of France.

"To live up to the age, to preserve of the past all that is good, to prepare the future by sweeping off the path of civilization all the prejudices which obstruct it, or utopias which compromise it—that is how we shall bequeath calm and prosperous days to our children.

"Despite the vivacity of the discussion, I by no means regret to see the great bodies of the State discuss the difficult questions of foreign policy. The country benefits from it in many respects. These discussions instruct it without alarming it.

"I shall be always happy, believe me, to act in concert with you. Issuing from the same suffrage, guided by the same sentiments, let us mutually aid each other in promoting the grandeur and prosperity of France."

The speech was received with enthusiastic cheering, but it is generally regarded as ambiguous.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE HIM.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "The news of the arrest of the famous Blanqui, at the head of a secret society having for its object the assassination of the Emperor, quite took Paris by surprise. The day of such enterprises, people had thought, was past. The attempts of the Italians, before His Majesty went with his army to Italy, were understood, and, in their view of the case, logical. But an attempt on His Majesty's life today, and by a Republican, is both illogical and insane. The Republican party is disorganized and unprepared for resistance to a Regency, and the Legitimists are powerless and are destined to remain so. No good could therefore result from such an event, even to the party the assassins wish to serve. Blanqui and his accomplices will be 'consigned' in the penal colony."

ITALY.

THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT.

Count Cavour has announced to the Italian Chamber of Deputies, that the Ministerial programme remains unchanged. In a speech on the Roman question he claimed that Italy had a right to have Rome for her capital, but that she must go there with the consent of France. He said that the union of the temporal and spiritual power was the source of evil.

The discussion of the Roman question continued in the Italian Chamber of Deputies. The speakers generally advocated the separation of the temporal from the spiritual power. Several speakers on the left proposed the simple proclamation of Rome as the capital of Italy, and calling on Napoleon to withdraw his troops.

Signor Cheaves spoke against the transfer of the capital of the Kingdom of Italy to Rome.

Count Cavour refuted the arguments brought forward. He maintained that it was urgent that Rome should be immediately declared the capital of Italy. The transfer will take place in consequence of the law adopted by the Chamber without any disturbances. The time will be fixed by law. We offer the spiritual power of the Pope all guarantees for its liberty and moral force which a friendly Government can ever give to the Papacy. I hope public opinion will very soon be disposed for the proclamation, and that France will agree with us in this matter.

RUSSIA.

THE EMANCIPATION MANIFESTO.

We have now before us the text of the manifesto of the Czar, announcing to his subjects the emancipation of the serfs. His Majesty tells them that on ascending the throne he resolved in all sincerity to acquire the affections of his subjects of every rank and condition—"from the warrior who nobly carries arms for the defense of his country to the humble artisan engaged in works of industry; from the functionary who pursues the career of the highest employments of the State to the laborer whose plow furrows the fields." His Majesty proceeds to glance at the patriarchal relations which have hitherto existed between the peasants and their proprietors, and to show that, as simplicity of manners has disappeared, the condition of the serfs has been unfavorably affected. He was convinced, therefore, that a great amelioration of their lot was a mission to which he was called by Divine Providence. The steps which have been taken in consulting the nobility, in forming the Committees, and in considering the various propositions, are successively detailed; and the mode of emancipation ultimately agreed to (the substance of which has been given in our columns) is described at length. The co-operation of the nobility is warmly spoken of in the manifesto. "Russia," says His Majesty, "will never forget that the noblesse, moved slowly by their respect for the dignity of man and by the love of their neighbor, have spontaneously renounced the rights which the serfdom now abolished, had given them, and have laid the foundations of a new future for the peasants." They are then called upon to carry out faithfully and conscientiously the regulations which have been deemed fittest for the great end in view.

The manifesto was read in all the churches of St. Petersburgh and Moscow on Sunday, the 5th ult., and was followed by solemn prayers for the preservation of the health and prolongation of the life of the Emperor. The manifesto and the accompanying regulations are being sent as rapidly as possible to all the chiefs of departments, proprietors of land, and communes of peasants throughout the empire. Myriads of copies are, of course, required, and some weeks, it is said, must elapse before the requisite number can be distributed.

THE WORK AT SEBASTOPOL.

Colonel Gowen, the American contractor at Sebastopol, says in a letter, which is published in the London *Times*, "My enterprise in clearing the harbor from the sunken fleet is progressing quite favorably, and I hope to have it entirely completed during the present year. The harbor is now practically clear of all obstructions, only eight vessels being left to raise whole." He then details what he has done in the way of repairs to the English cemeteries, and acknowledges the receipt of a beautiful gold snuff-box from the English Government for his services in this matter.

SYRIA.

THE DRUSES AGAIN.

It is stated that the Porte had consented to the prolongation of the occupation of Syria. The International Committee at Beyrout had demanded the prompt execution of the condemned Druses. The Paris papers publish a telegram dated Constantinople, the 13th inst., announcing that Prussia and Austria, like France and Russia, had remitted notes to the Porte, stating the urgent necessity of reforms. On account of the insurrection in the Herzegovina, and the fears entertained respecting other Provinces, the Porte had called out 50,000 Redips. It was also reported that the Conferences would shortly be resumed at Constantinople, at which a plan will be submitted and supported by France, Russia, and Turkey, for the creation of an independent State in Lebanon, governed by Abd-el-Kader, under the protectorate of France.

JAPAN.

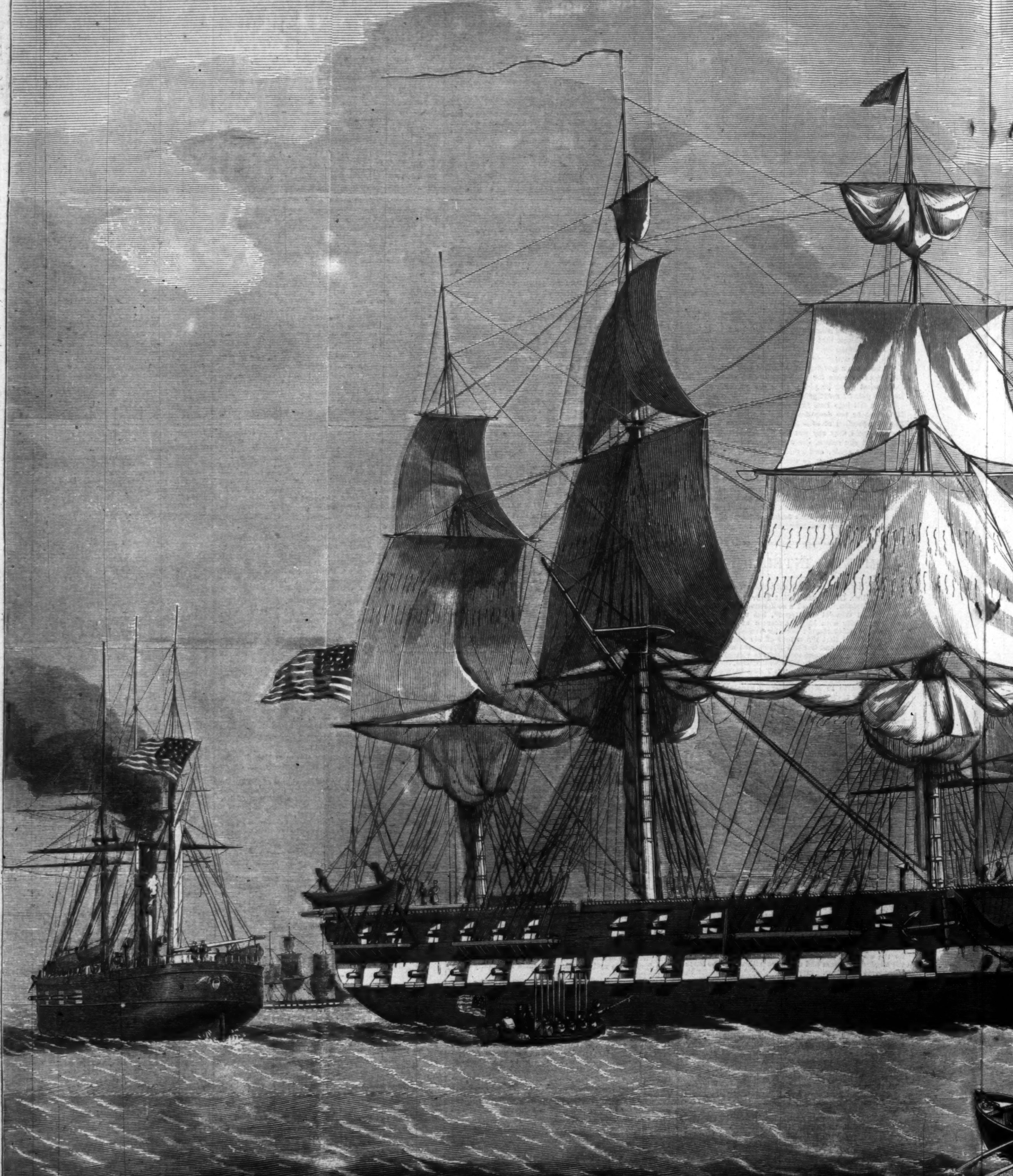
MURDER OF THE AMERICAN SECRETARY OF LEGATION.

It is reported from Japan that Mr. Heustren, the Secretary of the American Legation at Yeddo, had been murdered. According to one dispatch, the Foreign Ministers had retired to Kanagawa. Another dispatch says the English and French Ministers had fled to Yakshama, while the United States Minister remained at Yeddo.

SAN DOMINGO.

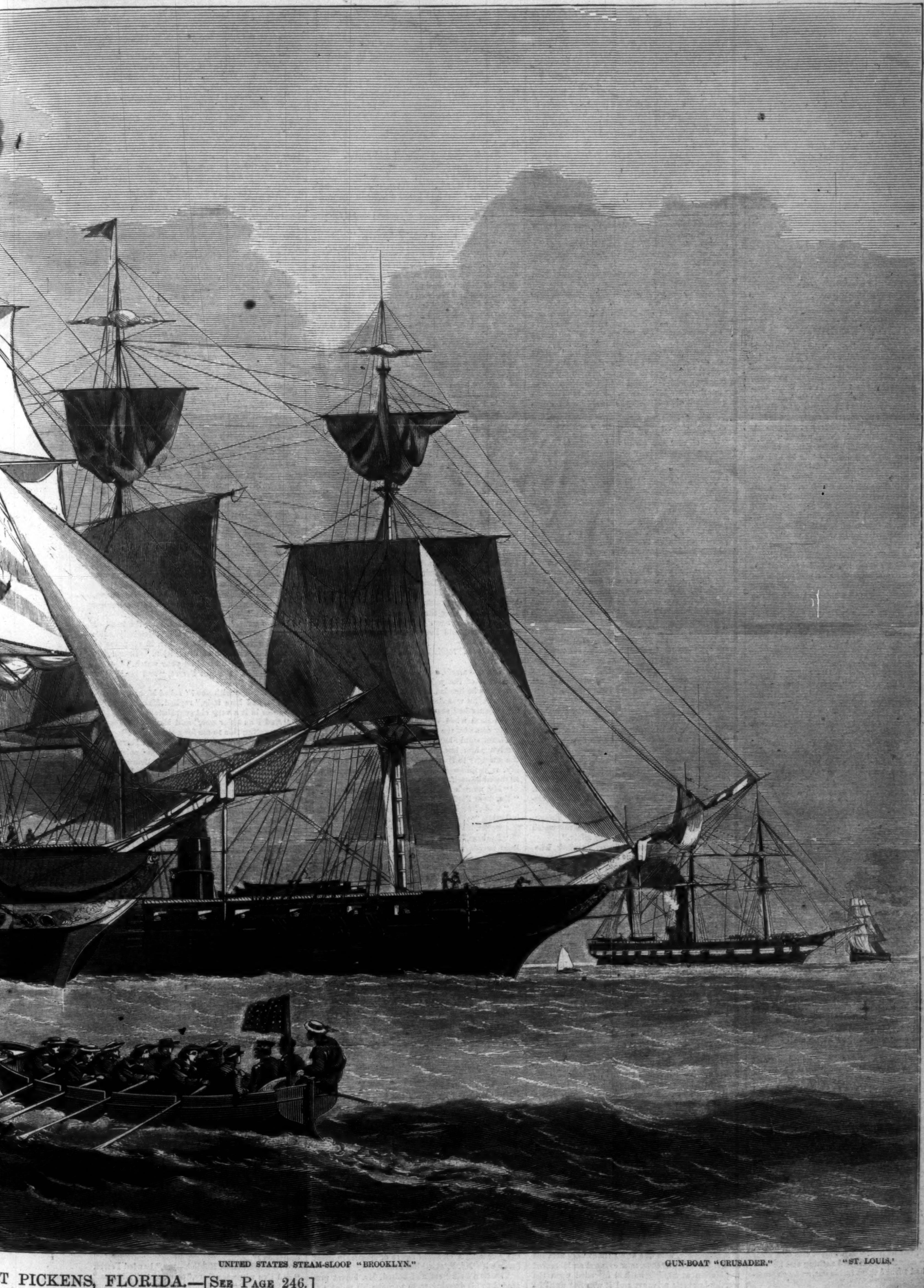
THE SPANISH DESCENT ON SAN DOMINGO.

By way of Havana we have received definite intelligence in regard to the long-whispered-of descent on San Domingo. The Havana papers have at length spoken, and it is somewhat singular that the very first mention made of the affair by that press should be the announcement of its consummation. We have the authority of the *Diario de la Marina*, of Havana, and the proclamation of Santana, ex-President of the ex-republic of San Domingo, for the statement that the Dominican portion of the island has passed once more under the dominion of the Spanish crown, and is now held by seven thousand bayonets of her Catholic Majesty's army.



GUN-BOAT "WYANDOT." STORE-SHIP "SUPPLY." FRIGATE "SABINE."

THE UNITED STATES FLEET OFF FORT P


UNITED STATES STEAM-SLOOP "BROOKLYN."
GUN-BOAT "CRUSADER."
"ST. LOUIS."

T PICKENS, FLORIDA.—[See Page 246.]

A CHARADE.

BY WINTHROP MARKWORTH PRAED.

Come from my First, ay, come!
The battle dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trump and the thund'ring drum
Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought,
Fall as thy father fell;
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought;
So—forward! and farewell!

Toll ye, my Second, toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul,
Beneath the silent night!
The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:
So—take him to his rest!

Call ye my Whole, ay, call!
The lord of lute and lay;
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day;
Go, call him by his name;
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave.

LOOK AFTER BROWN.

There was not a busier man in all the little town of B—— than Mr. John Ferret: a lawyer by profession, he was every thing else almost by election, and really did nearly as much good as harm, and that is saying a great deal in his favor, considering he *was* a lawyer. Ferret was a constant patron of all the itinerant lecturers who visited B——, and a certain purchaser of every new invention pertaining to domestic economy or enjoyment. Patent stoves, patent bedsteads, patent frying-pans, and patent any thing, had irresistible charms for him; and at the period of our tale he had become the proprietor of the Patent Niagara Shower Bath, warranted to wash a blackamoor white, so tremendous was the rush of its waters. This terrible machine was erected in a small breakfast parlor, as its dimensions exceeded the capacity of Mr. Ferret's dressing-room, and was, on the 12th of last December, a source of considerable amusement to Wapshot, the page in waiting to Mrs. Ferret. That young gentleman was delighted at the roar of the descending streams which followed the pulling of a cord resembling a bell-rope, and his speculations as to the effect to be produced upon his master were made manifest by the performance of a kind of war-dance, which ceased only on the entrance of Mrs. Ferret.

"Wapshot! Sir!" exclaimed the lady, "what are you about?"

"Oh, mem, only hear!" said the excited Buttons, pulling the string. "That's master's new shower-bath."

The fall of water was terrific.

"It certainly is very powerful; but Mr. Ferret will be the only sufferer," remarked the lady. "Thank goodness! it has nothing to do with the house arrangements this time."

The pleasant anticipations of Wapshot were doomed to disappointment, for a knock at the door, and its consequences, brought Mr. Ferret instantly in pursuit of his wife. In his hurry to communicate with his *cara sposa*, Mr. F. had evidently forgotten the progress he had made in his bathing costume, and being a bald-headed man (with the most imposing wig in B——), he had surmounted his glossy cranium with a long, conical, oil-cloth cap, according to the "Directions for Use," which accompanied the bill and recipe for the Niagara.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Ferret, in astonishment at her husband's singular appearance.

"And bless me!" rejoined Mr. Ferret, "since it comes to that—there's a letter addressed to you—I have opened it, as I did not know the handwriting (pray excuse the liberty)—and left by a gentleman who promises to call again in half an hour. It is from Mincing Lane."

"What, from dear old Uncle Richman!" cried Mrs. Ferret.

"It is, Barbara; and this is what he says:

"'Dear Madam,—The bearer of this is a friend of our house, and desirous to be introduced to Mr. Ferret. The name of the bearer is Mr. Brown.—Yours, etc.,
"'George Richman,
'for
"'Richman & Co.'"

"The gentleman is to call again?" inquired Mrs. Ferret, and not waiting for a reply, added: "Dear Old Uncle! It's a long time since we heard from him. I'm so glad he has not forgotten us, and it's lucky we can show him a civility. He is so very rich!"

"And *we*," remarked Mr. Ferret, laying great stress upon the personal pronoun—"*we*, his only relations; I say we, my dear, because with all your worldly goods you did me endow, and I looked upon your uncle Richman as part of your marriage settlement. Ha! ha! Barbara!"

Mr. Ferret had not done laughing at his own happy conceit when Wapshot placed in his hand a telegraphic message, and which that intelligent servitor called a "legtrif."

"From Mr. Richman, also," said Mr. Ferret, and read aloud:

"'From George Richman, London, to John Ferret, B——. Look after Brown.'

"Our expected visitor, my dear. What's he mean by 'Look after Brown?'"

We have hesitated to confess that Mr. Ferret had any weakness beyond that love of novelty which, we are told in the Latin grammar, is common to all, but he had. Mr. Ferret was of a most suspicious nature, and trusted nothing and nobody until he had turned them inside out, as he expressed it.

"What's he mean?" answered Mrs. Ferret—"that we are to show Mr. Brown every possible attention. 'Look after Brown.'"

"Well, I don't read it so," said Ferret. "'Look after' means 'look *sharp*' after Brown."

"What a suspicious creature you are, Ferret!"

"And you are so confiding you would trust the cat with the cream-jug," retorted Ferret.

"Didn't you annoy our neighbor from India by your ridiculous notion that he lured our ducks to lay in his garden?" said Mrs. F., with a sneer. "The man was so hurt at your insinuations that he left his lodgings, and has lived at 'The George' ever since."

"So much the better," replied Ferret, declining, however, to satisfy his wife why it was more desirable for Mr. Mango to live at an inn than in lodgings; and adding, "However, I shall take care of Brown whenever he puts in an appearance."

They did not wait long for that pleasure, for Wapshot very soon after introduced a much sunburned, middle-aged gentleman as Mr. Brown to the pair of Ferrets.

Nothing could be kinder than his reception by the lady; nothing much colder than his introduction to the gentleman.

"And dear uncle—is he quite well?" said Mrs. Ferret.

"Quite so—apparently," said Mr. Brown, cautiously.

"No appearance of his distressing asthma and biennial gout?" asked Ferret, stimulated to join the conversation by Mr. Brown's slight hesitation in certifying to Mr. Richman's condition.

"I was not aware he was so afflicted," replied Brown; "I am not an intimate friend of Mr. Richman. His house was in connection with my agent in Calcutta, and I applied to him to assist me in my inquiry for a Mr. Mango. I was told that he was living here, and that you would kindly introduce me."

"Dear me, how unfortunate!" said Mrs. Ferret, looking askance at her husband.

"Not at all! not at all!" exclaimed Ferret; "a man who allures silly creatures to desert their natural protectors—to forget the hand that feeds them—"

"You astonish me!" said Brown. "Mango was thought to be an eccentric man, but the soul of honor. May I inquire whom he has lured into error?"

"Four Aylesbury ducks, Sir. Encouraged them to lay on his premises," answered Ferret.

Brown evidently thought Ferret insane, and considering his extraordinary costume, and the ridiculous charge against Mango, there was sufficient cause for the opinion. Brown therefore said, very mildly, "Oh, was that all! you have relieved me greatly. And where shall I find Mr. Mango?"

"At the George Inn," replied Mrs. Ferret; "but I hope you will take dinner with us to-day. We dine at five."

"You are very kind, Mrs. Ferret, but I must return to London this evening," answered Brown.

"Then oblige us by taking luncheon at twelve."

"I have a board to attend at twelve," said Ferret, glancing savagely at his wife.

"Mr. Brown will excuse your absence, I am sure," replied Mrs. Ferret, returning the look.

"I am sure I will," said Brown, with an emphasis which made Ferret start, and almost alarmed his jealousy.

"At twelve I will be punctual," said Mr. Brown, referring to his watch, which, to his apparent surprise, had stopped an hour ago.

"Pray, make use of mine," exclaimed Mrs. Ferret. "It was a present from my dear uncle, and goes capitally."

"Goes! of course it does!" whispered Ferret, holding up the telegram at the back of their visitor.

"I thank you very much," answered Brown, "and will, with your permission, leave my watch with you. It is a strange-looking affair."

It was, and quite justified Ferret's remark, who, on learning that it had come from India, observed,

"The climate must be favorable to watches, if they generally grow to the size of the present specimen."

Mr. Brown merely looked at him in reply, and then addressing Mrs. Ferret, said, with some earnestness, "It is of English make, ma'am, and I hope to have something to tell you about it when I return."

"When he returns," whispered Ferret again, showing his telegram.

"Which will be at twelve," returned his wife, pointing significantly to her letter.

"To a moment," added Brown; "so for the present I wish you good-morning."

"John Ferret," said the lady, when Brown had left the house; "John Ferret, I blush for you! How can you be such a bear!"

"I am ashamed of you," retorted Ferret, "for being such a fool. Do you expect to see that watch any more? You had better have a handle put to the one he has left you, and use it as a warming-pan. To call that a watch! A steam-engine of twenty horse-power at least! Ah! you may well stare at it. However, it's your own doing, and if you lose your watch, don't ask me to buy another."

Mr. Brown's odd-looking time-piece seemed to interest Mrs. Ferret strangely, so much so that she burst into tears and left the room.

Mr. Ferret was rather pleased than otherwise at his wife's tribulation, receiving it as a testimony to his oratory and discrimination, two things upon which he prided himself exceedingly.

A client was now announced, and Mr. Ferret, utterly unmindful of his singular head-dress, requested the new-comer to be shown into the breakfast parlor.

"Well, Spooner! an early bird this morning," said Ferret. "What's the matter? Sit down."

Mr. Spooner, who was at all times very nervous in Mr. Ferret's presence, now evinced an increased trepidation at finding he had intruded upon the worthy lawyer's privacy, and it was not until he had been told to "go on," and to "fire away," that he ventured to observe that he had "come for a little advice."

"And shall have it cheap," said Ferret, encouragingly. "Thirteen and four-pence an hour isn't dear. Is it?"

"No, Sir; I suppose not."

"Five minutes past ten," continued Ferret, looking at his watch; "say ten, so fire away."

Mr. Spooner shook a good deal, and obeyed.

"I have been broken into, Mr. Ferret."

"What?"

"I was a victim to burglary last night. I was in bed."

"Nothing unusual in that," said Ferret.

"No, Sir—and asleep."

"And snoring?"

"No, Sir; thank goodness my worst enemy can't accuse me of that! I heard a noise in the wash-house. Up I gets—"

"And down you goes, of course; and there you saw—?"

"A man who cried out, 'Take care—'"

"Of Brown?" exclaimed Ferret, starting up.

"I can't say, Sir, but he threw a bottle-jack at me, and I threw a boot-jack in return, and—and—and knocked off this," said Spooner, producing a blue bag, which contained something bulky.

"Knocked off his head?" inquired Ferret.

"No; I wish it had been. It's only his hat;" and Spooner produced a low-crowned broad-brimmed beaver, very much the worse for the service it had seen.

Now, strange to say, Brown's hat was just the same shape, and as "trifles light as air are to the jealous mind confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ" (the idea is not ours), and Mr. Ferret being, as we have already observed, of a suspicious temperament, he instantly exclaimed,

"As I live, it's that scoundrel, Brown."

"What a clever man you are, Mr. Ferret! you know the hat. The man was—"

"Tall," said Ferret. Brown was tall.

"No—short," said Spooner.

"No—tall," cried Ferret: "he can shut himself up like a telescope, no doubt."

"You think so?" asked the wondering client. "Rather fat—"

"When compressed. Draws out long and thin," remarked Ferret, determined not to lose his man. "I know the fellow—he was here before I had breakfast. But I was up to him. Don't mind showing you:" producing the telegram. "Read that. 'Look after Brown.'"

"Dear me! what information you have, Mr. Ferret. What's to be done?"

"Spooner, I wouldn't let that fellow escape for a thousand pounds. You shall identify him; he will be here directly. Mrs. Ferret must not suspect we have found out any thing, or such is her infatuation she will be giving the vagabond warning. No; you shall stay here. Ah! a brilliant thought! Get in here," said Ferret, undrawing the curtain of "Niagara."

"In there!" replied Spooner, hesitating to enter the bath.

"It's quite safe, only a very little damp: and the smell of the paint is quite refreshing," said Ferret, as he handed in his unwilling client.

Mr. Ferret was doomed to have a busy morning, for Spooner had scarcely been made a Companion of the Bath when Wapshot announced a stranger newly come by the train.

Ferret would have made some preparation before receiving him, but the business which had brought the stranger to B—— evidently admitted of no delay, as he followed Wapshot into the room, and introduced himself.

"My name's Drabs, Sir," said the new-comer. "I'm from Pankers."

"Well," replied Ferret, rather annoyed at the intrusion, "that's a great deal of information in a few words. Pray, Mr. Drabs, who is Pankers?"

"Pankers," answered Drabs, "is a meterorpelitan parish, and I am its beadle—plain as I appear."

"A parochial peacock without its feathers," thought Ferret. "Traveling *incog.*—and for what purpose?"

"The fact is," said Drabs, settling down in an arm-chair—"the fact is, in our parish we have more wives and small children than we knows what to do with, and a unmitigated vagabond has left us five—"

"What—wives?" inquired Ferret.

"No; children, and one wife," replied Drabs. "We've traced him down here, and I've been referred to you, as Clerk to the Guardians, to help us to get him back again. He ain't particular what he calls hisself. Sometimes it's Down, sometimes it's Crown, sometimes—"

"Brown—Brown!" exclaimed Ferret; the one idea still uppermost in his mind.

"Well, let us think," said Drabs, sucking the knob of his stick, and cocking one eye up at the ceiling. "Well, I should say it's very likely he might a' called hisself Brown at some period or other."

"Then I've got him, Drabs," cried Ferret. "A human cuckoo that leaves his brood in any nest that will hold them! He'll be here directly."

"But are you sure he's my man?" asked Drabs, not to be too hasty in the matter.

"Tall!" said Ferret.

"Well, betwixt and between."

"Rather thin?"

"Not corpulent, certainly," answered Drabs, glancing at his own well-developed figure.

"It's the same man!" said Ferret. "I expect him here every moment. You shall pounce upon him like a hawk. Let me introduce you to another victim of Brown," said Ferret, drawing aside the curtain of the bath, "Mr. Drabs of Pankers, Mr. Spooner of B——. You'll soon know each other—mutual wrongs are like the thongs which bound the *fasces*." A classical figure of speech, in great favor with Mr. F. at all local meetings.

The trap being set and baited, Mr. Ferret proceeded to his dressing-room to make his toilet, exulting in his anticipated triumph over the credulity of Mrs. Ferret, should Brown return, or not.

He was not quite so clever as he thought himself.

There was evidently a culmination of events threatening the House of Ferret this morning, for, to the terror of Wapshot (the real egg-sucker), Mr. Mango knocked at the door.

Mrs. Ferret was very pleased and surprised to see Mr. Mango, and told him so.

"You are most kind," said the old gentleman. "I have long desired to pay this visit—indeed it was my business here at B——, but Mr. Ferret's extraordinary conduct with regard to those Aylesbury ducks made it impossible."

"Pray think no more of that, my dear Sir. Mr. Ferret had been very ill with a fever and lost—lost—"

"His wits?" asked Mr. Mango.

"No, Sir, not his wits, but a remarkable fine head of hair, and the loss made him very irritable. Besides, I must own, that, though he is a most affectionate husband, he is the most suspicious man alive."

"What has made him so?" inquired Mango.

"I think it is his profession," replied Mrs. Ferret. "He is a lawyer; and, therefore, sees so much of the bad side of human nature, that he almost doubts if there be a good one. Pray think no more of that ridiculous matter."

"Well, for your sake," said Mr. Mango, "I will not. You know a Mr. Brown, I believe?"

"He called here this morning," replied Mrs. Ferret; "and—really I am ashamed to own it—but John suspects him of some design upon him. I would give a great deal to cure John of this unfortunate disposition to be so distrustful."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Mango, and it was evident Mr. Ferret was no favorite with the old Indian. "My visit to you," he continued, "has reference to an interview I have had with Mr. Brown."

Mr. Ferret having completed his toilet, substituting a wig, which George the Fourth would have envied, for his oil-cloth extinguisher, fancied he heard voices in the adjoining room, and stealing to the door, as stealthily as a cat, opened it without noise, and to his surprise saw Mr. Mango in conversation with his wife, and heard the hated name of Brown.

"Your maiden name," said Mango, "was Chubb."

"What's that to him?" thought Ferret; "I changed it."

"You were an orphan, and married a man older than yourself."

"Like his impudence," muttered Ferret; "he's been looking up the parish register."

"You had an uncle Godfrey, who years ago went to India—a bankrupt, worthless fellow."

"He had been unfortunate," replied Mrs. Ferret, "but my mother always said he was the kindest of brothers."

Mango paused for a moment, took the hand of Mrs. Ferret, and looking at her, tenderly said, "You are very like your mother, in openness of face and confidence of disposition. Brown has told me of your lending him your watch."

"Of course," thought Ferret, "and laughed at her stupidity."

"He left one with you?" asked Mango.

"Yes, and here it is," replied Mrs. Ferret; "I recognize in it a very old acquaintance."

"And I an older one," said Mango. "Do you mind trusting this to me for a short time?"

"Oh, certainly not," answered Mrs. Ferret, giving Mango the wonderful piece of mechanism.

"I see it all," thought Ferret. "Brown has her watch: Mango gets Brown's, and Mrs. F. is done out of both."

"I knew your uncle well," said Mango. "Some years ago he sent you a locket—I see it there. May I be allowed to look at it?"

"He will have the wedding-ring off her finger presently," thought Ferret, and began to consider whether he was not bound as a husband to present himself. The return of Mr. Brown left him no alternative.

Either the abruptness of Ferret's entrance into the room or the magnificence of his wig overpowered his visitors, and neither spoke for nearly a minute; while he, with arms folded and figure erect, looked any thing but a welcome.

"John!" exclaimed Mrs. Ferret, at length, "what is the matter with you?"

A look was her only answer, and then Ferret took from the table the blue bag brought by Spooner, and producing the hat left behind by the burglar, threw it with great force at the feet of Mr. Brown.

"Is the man mad?" cried Mango.

Ferret, undisturbed by the remark, placed himself opposite to Brown, and in a hissing whisper, which would have made any tragedian's fortune, said: "A wife and five children are in Pankers workhouse. Where is the husband? Where is the father?"

"How should I know, my dear Sir?" replied Brown, getting rather alarmed.

"The house of a peaceable citizen was broken into last night. That hat was left behind."

"Well, Sir," remarked Brown, not in the least understanding why the information was confided so particularly to him.

"But we were warned in time," said Ferret, raising his voice to gallery pitch. "Thanks to the Electric Telegraph. Read that, Sir, from our excellent relative, Mr. Richman. 'Look after Brown.'"

"Mad! Decidedly mad!" cried Mango, buttoning up his coat and preparing to retreat; but poor Mrs. Ferret, almost hysterical with disgust and anger, clung round his neck and prevented his egress.

"And dare you, Sir," said Brown, as soon as his indignation would allow the words to escape his lips—"dare you, Sir, accuse me of burglary and desertion?"

"In unvarnished English—yes," bawled Ferret, "and I've witnesses there," pointing to "Niagara."

"Produce them!" shouted Brown.

"I won't till I please!" exclaimed Ferret.

"Mango, ring the bell. Let us see if there is a sane person in the house!" cried Brown.

Mango had already fixed his eye on the brass ring and cord depending from Niagara, and, without pausing to consider this somewhat unusual position for a bell-rope, pulled away with all his might.

Then came a rush of waters, mingled with roars of alarm and agony from Drabs and the timid client, followed by their immediate appearance in the centre of the room dripping and shaking themselves like two Newfoundland dogs after a bath in the river.

"Where?—Who?—What?" exclaimed all but Ferret; and he pointed with exultation to the saturated pair, "Behold my witnesses!"

"Plaintiffs, you mean," said Drabs. "At least I'm one. You shall pay for this trick, Mr. Ferret."

"Nonsense. That's your deserter, Pankers."

"No, it's not; not a feature of any one of the children about him," said Drabs, abruptly quitting the room.

"Spooner, then it's your man!" cried Ferret.

"Not the least like him. I'm a corpse, Mr. Ferret, a corpse! My last injunction to my executors will be, 'Prosecute Ferret!'" said Spooner, leaving the room, the chattering of his teeth being distinctly audible until he reached the street.

Ferret was confounded.

"Well, Sir, a pretty fool you've made of yourself, John Ferret," said his helpmate. "Look after Brown! Look after yourself, I think, Sir."

"My dear, there is evidently some mistake," suggested Ferret.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Brown," said Mango to that gentleman, and with whom he had been conversing in a corner. "I was prepared to receive your statement as truth, and would have acted upon it; but when I find a respectable practitioner like Mr. Ferret accuse you of burglary and desertion of your family, I pause, Sir—I pause!"

"Say, Sir, what have I to gain?" asked Brown. "That watch which you recognize was given to me by your nephew, William Chubb."

"His nephew!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Ferret.

"With this will," continued Brown, showing a legal-looking packet, "bequeathing his claims upon you—"

"Ten thou-sand pounds," said Mango. "I acknowledge the debt."

"Ten thou-sand pounds," and Brown rolled the words out as though every letter was a lump of gold, "and which he bequeaths to his cousin Mrs. Ferret here."

Mrs. Ferret subsided on to the sofa, and the hair of Ferret's wig stood on end—almost.

"What do you say, Sir?" gasped the astonished lawyer. "Ten thousand pounds, and the debt acknowledged."

"Just so," said Mango; "and I should have made no difficulty in the payment of the money, had not Mr. Ferret accused Mr. Brown of crimes which make me doubt the validity of those documents."

"Oh, don't say that," cried Ferret; "I didn't mean it."

"Pardon me," rejoined Mango. "I am sorry to put you to the delay and cost of sending to India for proofs. The process is tedious, very tedious, but necessary now."

"Oh, John!" sobbed Mrs. Ferret, from the depths of the sofa pillows; "I told you to look after Brown."

"When you can bring me satisfactory evidence," continued Mango, walking toward the door, "I am prepared to pay."

"You don't mean to leave us, Mr. Mango, in this unsatisfactory manner?" cried Ferret.

Mr. Brown appeared about to follow Mr. Mango, but pausing, said,

"Mr. Ferret, my object was to have served you in this matter, but the insult I have received, the injury my character has sustained, must be atoned for. You, as a lawyer, know the course I shall adopt, and you know your own."

"Oh, yes," replied Ferret, in a most despondent tone; "the process is very simple. *Brown* vs. *Ferret*, defamation. Damages a thousand pounds."

"Oh, John! John! How could you doubt the meaning of that telegram?" and Mrs. Ferret sat on the sofa like "Niobe all tears."

"You have been a good wife to me," said Ferret, throwing himself on the table and wrapping up his head in the crimson cover. "So young, and yet so wise! You'll find my will at the back of the wardrobe, wrapped up in my wedding waistcoat."

The wife—the woman could not withstand this, and so she threw her arms about the red bundle on the table, and called it her "dear Johnny."

"I've left you every thing, and have only to add a lawsuit, *Brown* vs. *Ferret*, damages a thousand."

"Oh! my dear Johnny, you are wandering!" exclaimed Mrs. Ferret, striving to unroll the mummy.

"It was destiny made me erect 'Niagara,'" continued the unhappy man. "An ancient gentleman burned himself on a funereal pyre. I shall take a funereal shower-bath!"

Mrs. Ferret screamed and shook her husband violently, while Mr. Mango returned and said, soothingly: "Come, Mr. Ferret, be a man. Proofs of Mr. Brown's respectability can be obtained easily."

"No, no! impossible!" interrupted Ferret; and then recollecting the probable consequences of such a denial, gasped, rather than said, "More libel! more libel!"

"It was fortunate that Wapshot interrupted this agonizing scene by another telegram, and which the excited Mrs. Ferret seized and read aloud for the general edification: "Look after Brown. He is the best friend you have, and the most honorable man alive."

"Hoorah!" All is clear at last. The telegraph clerk had only sent one half the message, which had produced such confusion and misunderstanding. The doubts of Mango were only feigned to punish Mr. Ferret, and the old Indian proved the best of the *genus* uncle, making his niece richer than she had ever dreamed to be, and happier by laughing Ferret out of his proneness to suspicion.

The telegram was framed and hung over the mantle-piece in the breakfast parlor *in memoriam* of the eventful day recorded in these pages.

A PARCEL OF PREACHERS.

It is the object of the present paper to revive the remembrance of a few popular preachers, deceased. Those who are living speak for themselves; but it is noticeable how closely they model themselves on the dead, and how very little originality is to be found among them.

One of the most remarkable of these was Rowland Hill, sixth son of Sir Rowland Hill, baronet, of Hawkstone. He first began to preach when he was at Cambridge, and he received severe censure from his superiors for going about and preaching in the barns and farm-houses of the villages near the University. When he left Cambridge, and had been ordained, he used to preach, sometimes as often as thrice a day, to large congregations. He used to stock his sermons with queer phrases and odd illustrations, and often amused his congregation with jokes.

On one occasion, when preaching at Wapping to a congregation composed chiefly of sea-faring men and fisherwomen, he greatly astonished his congregation by commencing the sermon with these words: "I come to preach to great sinners, notorious sinners—yea, to *Wapping* sinners." On another occasion, there came a heavy shower of rain, which compelled several persons to take refuge in the chapel; Hill, remarking this, looked up and said: "Many people are greatly to be blamed for making their religion a cloak, but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella." In 1803, the time of the first grand volunteer movement, he preached to a large congregation of volunteers. Two psalms, of his own composition, were sung on this occasion; one of them was sung before the sermon, to the tune of "God save the King;" the other, after the sermon, to the tune of "Rule Britannia." It began: "When Jesus first at Heaven's command."

Hill was earnest in manner, and imposing in appearance. He was very tall, and had a loud, sonorous voice; he would seem to have been a modest man, and to have particularly objected to being considered an enthusiast. Preaching once at Wotton, he said, "Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast, but I am not; mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill, I saw a gravel-pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud that I was heard in the town below at a distance of a mile; help came and rescued two of the poor sufferers. No one called me enthusiast then, and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrevocably in an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now? No, sinner, I am not an enthusiast in so doing; I call on thee aloud to fly for refuge to the hope set before thee in the Gospel of Christ Jesus."

William Huntington, the coal-heaver, was a strong contrast to Rowland Hill, and was immeasurably inferior to that really remarkable man in every respect. Huntington was born in the Weald of Kent; his father was a day-laborer, earning seven or eight shillings a week. Huntington, in his published sermons, tells several anecdotes of his childhood, one of which shows his inordinate conceit and vanity. He had a great desire to go as errand-boy into the service of a certain Squire Cooke; but the Squire already had an errand-boy, with whom he was very satisfied. Huntington bethinking himself that if all things were possible with God, it was possible for the Almighty to send him into Squire Cooke's service, and procure the discharge of this unfortunate boy, asked the Almighty in an "extempore way" (his own words) "to give him that boy's place;" and made many promises how good he would be if this request were granted. Some time after a man came to his house, and told him that Squire Cooke's boy had been turned away for theft, and advised him to go and apply for the place. He did so, and (as a matter of course) obtained the situation. The inference that the theft was committed for Huntington's special behoof through Divine interposition is very shocking.

On another occasion, when this favored gentleman was older, he was again in want of a situation; a part of his history which appears to us to be highly probable. He was informed that a certain Squire Pool, of Charren, in Kent, was in want of a servant. He went after the place, and, on the way, he prayed God to grant him the situation. When he arrived at the gentleman's house, he found a servant in the parlor, with whom the gentleman had partly agreed; but the Squire immediately broke off with this man when he saw Huntington (very much to his subsequent regret, we have no doubt), and engaged that lump of conceit. Huntington ascribed this, of course, to the great influence of his prayers, and the high regard in which the Almighty held him. He soon left this situation too (through a want of appreciation on the part of sinners), and tried to set up as a cobbler; failing that, as a gardener. He obtained a gardener's situation, and lost it (so he says) for refusing to work on Sundays; he then became reduced to the necessity of laboring as a coal-heaver, and began to preach in earnest.

Huntington used generally to preach at Woking; but he also visited his friends, and preached in their houses. In his sermons, The Bank of Faith and God, the Guardian of the Poor, printed with an account of his life, he mentions, as an instance of the Lord's care for him, that he had ordered a box of clothes to be left at the Star Inn, at Maidstone in Kent, and that he went for it with only a shilling in his pocket. When he arrived at Maidstone he found that the box had been sent on by the carrier, so he had to go back again without it. He had spent his shilling, was very hungry and tired, and began to think that if he had faith and prayed, he might have any thing he wanted. Just then the thought seized him that he would go out of the foot-path into the horse-road; he did so, and instantly saw a six-pence lying in the road, and, a little further on, a shilling. He attributed his finding these to the regard the Lord had for him, and to the effect of his prayers and to his great faith.

On another occasion, a heavy fall of snow threw him out of work. In the night he prayed the Lord to send the snow away. When he got up next morning he found it all melted. No doubt, if he had lived in the last great frost, he would have procured a thaw immediately.

Some of this man's printed sermons are very ludicrous. In one of them he relates that, being greatly in want of a pair of leather breeches, he prayed very earnestly to God for this favor. He went to London to get a pair on credit at a shop belonging to one of his friends. Not finding the shop, he called on another friend of his, a shoemaker, who told him that a parcel had been left there for him. He opened the parcel, and found that it contained a pair of leather breeches, which fitted him perfectly, although he had never been measured for them. In a letter he wrote to the unknown donor, he declared that God must not only have put it into the heart of that charitable personage to send him a pair of breeches, but must also have given him his (Huntington's) exact measure.

One Sunday, as he was rising early to go to Moulsey to hear a popular preacher who was coming to preach there, there came a voice which he both heard and felt, saying, "You must preach out of doors to-day, and you must preach from this text: 'Go therefore into the highways, and as many as ye find, bid to the marriage.'" He went to the meeting. The preacher did not make his appearance, and Huntington got up and preached with such effect, that a young widow fell down in a fit caused by "violent convictions," and was obliged to have a blister applied to her head. We strongly recommend this remedy for general adoption in similar cases.

At the latter part of his life, Huntington preached several sermons which were afterward printed separately. Among them is The Coal-heaver's Cousin rescued from the Bats. In one of these compositions he says, in reference to a gentleman having made him a present of ten guineas, "I found God's promises to be the Christian's bank-notes; and a living faith will always draw on the Divine Banker; yea, and the spirit of prayer and the deep sense of want will give an heir of promise a filial boldness at the inexhaustible bank of heaven." He was also in the habit of calling the Almighty his Bank, his Banker, and his blessed Overseer.

A very different man from Huntington was the Rev. William Dodd, LL.D. He is represented to have been a man of elegant manners and refined tastes; a lover of literature and a poet. Perhaps he was all these—an indifferent poet he certainly was. He was born in the year 1729, at Bourne, in Lincolnshire. He was sent to Cambridge at an early age, and, in the year 1755, produced a translation of the Hymns of Callimachus, translated from the Greek into English verse, with explanatory notes, with the select Epigrams and other Poems of the same author; Six Hymns of Orpheus, and the Encomium of Ptolemy, by Theocritus. In the same year he wrote several sermons, full of Christian precepts and religious sentiments. He greatly interested himself in public charities, and subscribed large sums of money toward the founding of the Magdalen Hospital. He preached two or three times at Magdalen House before Prince Edward. Thus he became acquainted with Lord Chesterfield, who was so pleased with him that he confided to him the education of his eldest son. Dodd bought a house in Southampton Row, where he lived in a sumptuous manner. Wishing to obtain the living of St. George's, Hanover Square, he endeavored to get it by offering a bribe to the Lord Chancellor. An anonymous letter was also sent to Lady Chesterfield, offering a sum of money if she would procure Dr. Dodd the same living. It was discovered that the letter must have been written by Dodd himself, although he tried to throw all the blame on his wife; but this was not credited, and falling into disfavor, his name was ordered to be struck off the list of Royal chaplains. To regain his lost reputation, he subscribed more liberally than ever to schools and charities; but continued to live so extravagantly, that at last he was afraid to go out of his house lest he should be arrested for debt. However, being severely pressed by his creditors, he became desperate, and forged the name of Lord Chesterfield to a bond for four thousand two hundred pounds. The forgery was discovered, and he was arrested—taken from a gay convivial party—and committed to Wood Street Compter. Public sympathy was lavished on him in the most absurd manner; every body talked of "the unfortunate Dr. Dodd;" and the following verses, supposed to have been written by himself, appeared in all the newspapers:

> "Amidst confinement's miserable gloom,
> 'Midst the lone horrors of this wretched room,
> What comforts, gracious Heaven! dost thou bestow
> To soothe my sorrows and console my woe?
> A wife beyond the first of womankind,
> Tender, attached, and e'en to death resigned.
> Dear youthful friends, in life's ingenuous hour
> As children zealous, to exert each power;
> Men skilled in wisdom's most sagacious lore,
> Solicitous to aid, to save—restore!
> Lawyers and counselors, without a fee,
> Studious to guide, direct, and set me free!
> Nay—from the men I falsely deemed my foes,
> The ready offer of all service flows,
> While gratitude in guise unknown draws nigh,
> Says 'I was kind,' and tenders his supply!
> Above the rest, my keepers, soothed to grief,
> With sympathetic pity give relief;
> Treat as a guest the sufferer they revere,
> And make it even tranquil to be here.
> Great God of mercy! if amidst my woes
> A stream of such peculiar comfort flows;
> Flows full, flows only from thy care divine,
> May I not humbly, firmly, Lord, resign!
> And trust the issue to thy care alone?
> Yes, Lord, I trust—'Oh, may thy will be done!'"

This "revered sufferer" also had the coolness to insert the following letter in the principal newspapers: it is written quite as of course, and more with the air of an injured innocent than with that of a squandering, unprincipled forger:

> "Dr. Dodd begs leave to present his most sincere and grateful acknowledgments to those many sympathizing friends who have been so kind as to think of him in his distresses, and to assure them that, though his mind was too much engaged and agitated with necessary and important business during his confinement in Wood Street, to admit the kind favor of their proffered visits, he shall now be happy, at any time, to receive their friendly and Christian consolation.
>
> "Perfectly at ease with respect to his fate, and thoroughly resigned to the will of God, he can not but feel a complacency in the striking humanity which he has experienced; and while he most earnestly entreats a continuance and increase of that 'spirit of prayer, which he is told is poured forth for him,' he can not omit to assure all those who, by letter or otherwise, have expressed their solicitude on his behalf, that, conscious of the purity of his intention from any purpose to do injury, and happy in the full proof of that intention, by having done no injury to any man in respect to this unfortunate prosecution, he fully reposes himself on the mercies of his God, and has not a wish to live or die, but as life or death may tend to the glory of that God and the good of mankind.
>
> "*February* 27, 1777."

He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death: his fate created a great sensation among all classes. The Lord Mayor, aldermen, and commons of the City of London, got up petitions beseeching commutation of the sentence, and a monster petition, thirty-seven yards long, and signed by twenty-three thousand persons, was presented with the same object. A young man named Joseph Harris, convicted of highway robbery, was sentenced to die with him; but the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and commons, did not present any petition praying for commutation of the younger and probably less culpable offender's sentence, nor was a single quarter of a yard of public sympathy unfolded in his behalf. However, the Lord Mayor, his sagacious brethren, and the thirty-seven yards of paper, and the twenty-three thousand signatures, could not save Dr. Dodd. He was hanged with the low, unclassical, and altogether inelegant Joseph Harris.

Orator Henley, another well-known preacher, was a member of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself by his abilities and perseverance. His pulpit was covered with black cloth, embroidered with gold; his creeds, vulgates, and liturgies were printed in red and black; he struck medals which he dispensed to his admirers, representing a sun near the meridian, with the motto Ad Summa, and the inscription, Inveniam viam aut faciam (I will find a way or make it). His sarcasm is considered to have been keen, and he "went in" for brilliant jokes in his sermons. He was a great enemy of Pope, whose satire on him is well known:

> "Embrowned with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
> Tuning his voice and balancing his hands,
> How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
> How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
> Still break the benches, Henley, with thy strain,
> While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.
> Oh, great restorer of the good old stage,
> Preacher at once and Zany of thy age!"

He usually chose a text from the Old or New Testament, and adapted it to the topics of the day, or to a satire on persons personally obnoxious to him; but sometimes his discourses resembled a kind of general oration rather than a sermon. His manuscript sermons are preserved in the library at the Guildhall, London; his handwriting is very irregular, and some of the sermons are so much erased and blotted that it is not easy to decipher them. We see from his sermons that he was a good scholar.

One of his Orations, preached October 21, 1730, is entitled, "A Sober Enquiry into the History and Adventures of Whyttington and Hys Cat." The text chosen for this discourse was, "A cat may look at a king" (English Proverb). It is chiefly a satire on governments and the Church. He tells the story of Whittington and his cat, and in pointed satire likens cats to the magistrates and judges. "A cat is a creature extremely political; it does indeed, like other civil magistrates, look not only grave but sleepy; but when it winketh, little knows the mouse what it thinketh." The next paragraph is a satire on the Church. He says: "There is no mention of *cats* in the Scripture; mice are there spoken of, therefore Church mice are common, but many of them are poor, for the Church cats, pretending only to play with them, starve the mice." The rest consists of satires on the topics of the day, which would not interest the reader nowadays.

Henley sometimes prayed in a devout and impressive manner, but sometimes his prayers were ludicrous and even blasphemous. In one of his sermons, discoursing of the peoples who would be damned, he prayed that the Dutch might be "undamned." In another of his sermons he undertook to prove that the petticoat was worn by the ancients, and, in corroboration, quoted that chapter of the Old Testament in which Samuel's mother is said to have made him "a little coat"—obviously a "petticoat." He usually hired a body of strong men to attend his sermons and dispose of any body inclined to discuss a point with him; but on one occasion, having challenged any two Oxonians to argue with him on the superiority of his doctrines and teaching over those of the Church and the Universities, two Oxonians appeared, attended by a larger body of prize-fighters than he was provided with, and he slunk away by the back door.

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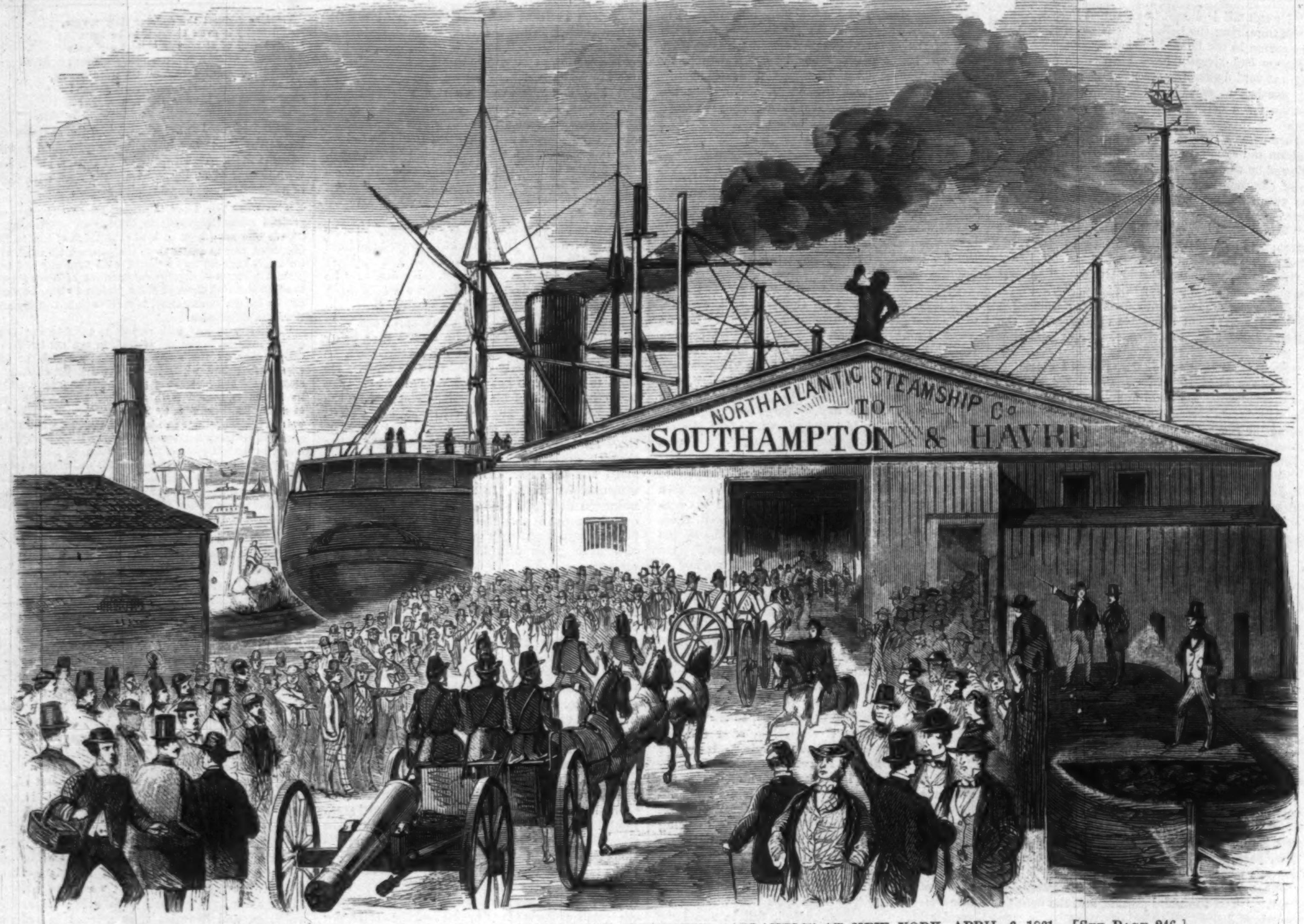
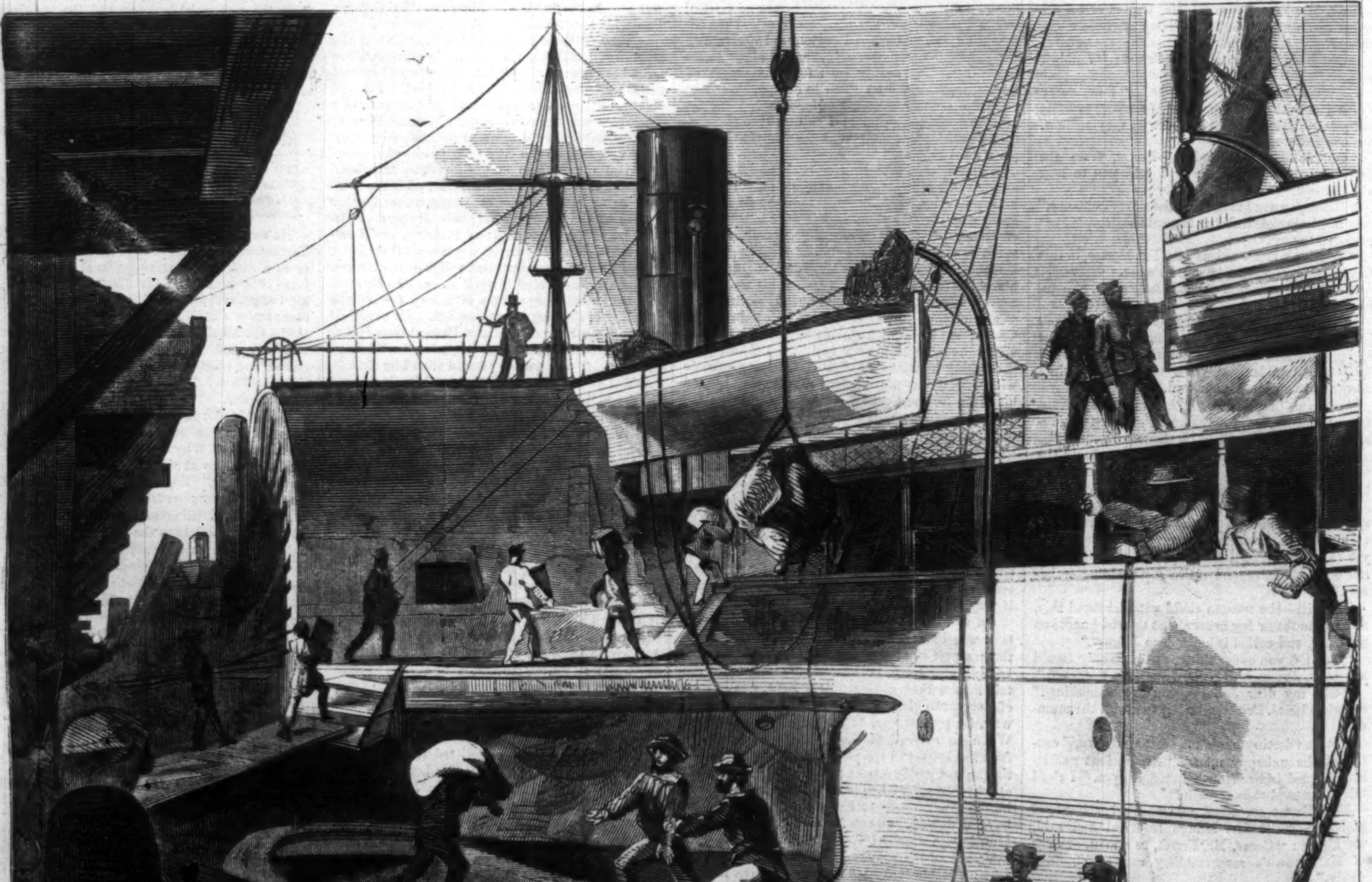
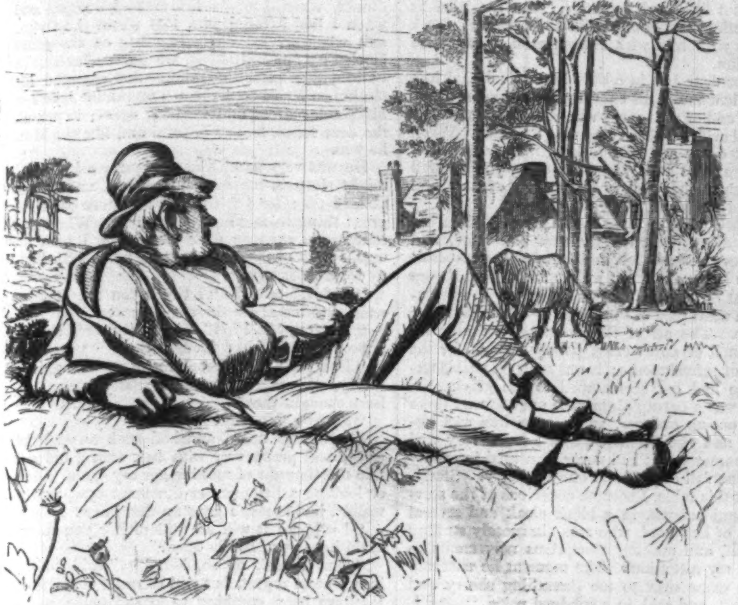
* The *Historical Register* for 1728.


NORTHATLANTIC STEAMSHIP Co
TO
SOUTHAMPTON & HAVRE

UNITED STATES FLYING ARTILLERY GOING ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP "ATLANTIC" AT NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1861.—[See Page 246.]



SHIPMENT OF MILITARY STORES ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP "BALTIC" AT NEW YORK, APRIL 8, 1861.—[See Page 246.]



THE BEGGAR'S SOLILOQUY.

I.

Now, this, to my notion, is pleasant cheer,
To lie all alone on a ragged heath,
Where your nose isn't sniffing for bones or beer,
But a peat-fire smells like a garden beneath.
The cottagers bustle about the door,
And the girl at the window ties her strings.
She's a dish for a man who's a mind to be poor;
Lord! women are such expensive things.

II.

We don't marry beggars, says she: why, no:
It seems that to make 'em is what you do;
And as I can cook, and scour, and sew,
I needn't pay half my victuals for you.
A man for himself should be able to scratch,
But tickling's a luxury:—love, indeed!
Love burns as long as the lucifer match,
Wedlock's the candle! Now, that's my creed.

III.

The church-bells sound water-like over the wheat;
And up the long path troop pair after pair.
The man's well-brushed, and the woman looks neat,
It's man and woman every where!
Unless, like me, you lie here flat,
With a donkey for friend, you must have a wife:
She pulls out your hair, but she brushes your hat.
Appearances make the best half of life.

IV.

You nice little madam! you know you're nice.
I remember hearing a parson say
You're a plateful of vanity pepper'd with vice;
Yon chap at the gate thinks t'other way.
On his waistcoat you read both his head and his heart:
There's a whole week's wages there figured in gold!
Yes! when you turn round you may well give a start:
It's fun to a fellow who's getting old.

V.

Now, that's a good craft, weaving waistcoats and flowers,
And selling of ribbons, and scenting of lard:
It gives you a house to get in from the showers,
And food when your appetite jockeys you hard.
You live a respectable man; but I ask
If it's worth the trouble? You use your tools,
And spend your time, and what's your task?
Why, to make a slide for a couple of fools.

VI.

You can't match the color o' these heath mounds,
Nor better that peat-fire's agreeable smell.
I'm cloth'd-like with natural sights and sounds;
To myself I'm in tune. I hope you're as well.
You jolly old cot! though you don't own coal:
It's a generous pot that's boil'd with peat.
Let the Lord Mayor o' London roast oxen whole:
His smoke, at least, don't smell so sweet.

VII.

I'm not a low Radical, hating the laws,
Who'd the aristocracy rebuke.
I talk o' the Lord Mayor o' London because
I once was acquainted with his cook.
I served him a turn, and got pensioned on scraps,
And, Lord, Sir! didn't I envy his place,
Till Death knock'd him down with the softest of raps,
And I knew what was meant by a tallowy face!

VIII.

On the contrary, I'm Conservative quite;
There's beggars in Scripture 'mongst Gentiles and Jews:
It's nonsense, trying to set things right,
For if people will give, why, who'll refuse?
That stopping old custom wakes my spleen:
The poor and the rich both in giving agree:
Your tight-fisted shopman's the Radical mean:
There's nothing in common 'twixt him and me.

IX.

He says I'm no use! but I won't reply.
You're lucky not being of use to him!
On week-days he's playing at Spider and Fly,
And on Sundays he sings about Cherubim!
Nailing shillings to counters is his chief work:
He nods now and then at the name on his door:
But judge of us two at a bow and a smirk.
I think I'm his match: and I'm honest—that's more.

X.

No use! well, I mayn't be. You ring a pig's snout,
And then call the animal glutton! Now, he,
Mr. Shopman, he's naught but a pipe and a spout
Who won't let the goods o' this world pass free.
This blazing blue weather all round the brown crop,
He can't enjoy! all but cash he hates.
He's only a snail that crawls under his shop;
Though he has got the ear o' the magistrates.

XI.

Now, giving and taking's a proper exchange,
Like question and answer: you're both content.
But buying and selling seems always strange;
You're hostile, and that's the thing that's meant.
It's man against man—you're almost brutes,
There's here no thanks, and there's there no pride.
If Charity's Christian, don't blame my pursuits,
I carry a touchstone by which you're tried.

XII.

—"Take it," says she, "it's all I've got:"
I remember a girl in London streets:
She stood by a coffee-stall, nice and hot,
My belly was like a lamb that bleats.
Says I to myself, as her shilling I seized,
You haven't a character here, my dear!
But for making a rascal like me so pleased,
I'll give you one, in a better sphere!

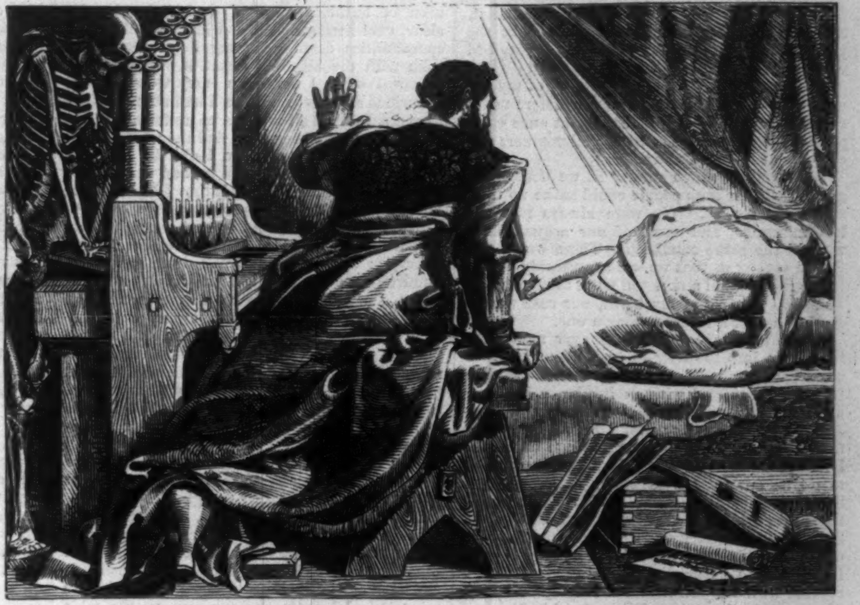
XIII.

And that's where it is—she made me feel
I *was* a rascal: but people who scorn,
And tell a poor patch-breech he isn't genteel,
Why, they make him kick up—and he treads on a corn.
It isn't liking, it's curst ill-luck,
Drives half of us into the begging-trade:
If for taking to water you praise a duck,
For taking to beer why a man upbraid?

XIV.

The sermon's over: they're out of the porch,
And it's time for me to move a leg;
But in general people who come from church,
And have called themselves sinners, hate chaps to beg.
I'll wager they'll all of 'em dine to-day!
I was easy half a minute ago.
If that isn't pig that's baking away,
May I perish?—we're never contented—heigho!

GEORGE MEREDITH.



THE LAST HYMN.

"YET once more on the organ play
To me, old neighbor mine;
Try if my heart may be refreshed
Still by its tones divine—"

The sick one prayed, the neighbor played,
So played he ne'er before;
So glorious are the tones that he
Knows his own touch no more.

'Tis some unearthly blessèd strain
Bursts forth as he doth play—
He stops with awe—the list'ner's soul
Hath gently passed away.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

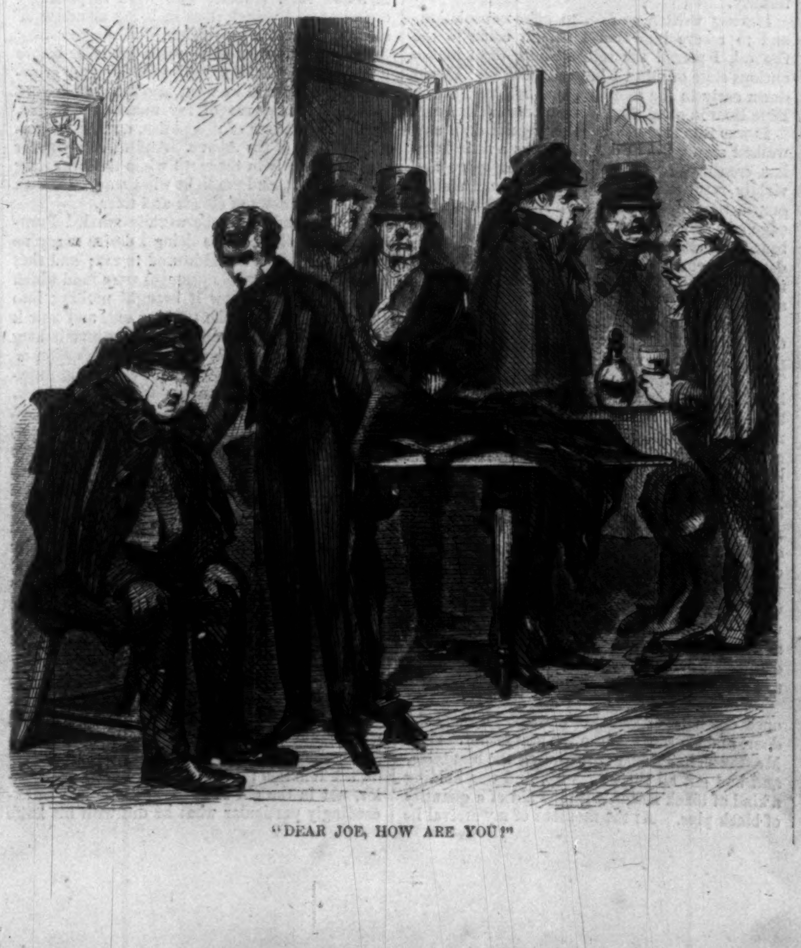
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

As I had grown accustomed to my expectations I had insensibly begun to notice their effect upon myself and those around me. Their influence on my own character I disguised from my recognition as much as possible; but I know very well that it was not all good. I lived in a state of chronic uneasiness respecting my behavior to Joe. My conscience was not by any means comfortable about Biddy. When I woke up in the night—like Camilla—I used to think, with a weariness on my spirits, that I should have been happier and better if I had never seen Miss Havisham's face, and had risen to manhood content to be partners with Joe in the honest old forge. Many a time of an evening, when I sat alone, looking at the fire, I thought, after all there was no fire like the forge fire and the kitchen fire at home.



"DEAR JOE, HOW ARE YOU?"

Yet Estella was so inseparable from all my restlessness and disquiet of mind, that I really fell into confusion as to the limits of my own part in its production. That is to say, supposing I had had no expectations, and yet had had Estella to think of, I could not make out to my satisfaction that I should have done much better. Now, concerning the influence of my position on others, I was in no such difficulty, and so I perceived—though dimly enough, perhaps—that it was not beneficial to any body, and, above all, that it was not beneficial to Herbert. My lavish habits led his easy nature into expenses that he could not afford, corrupted the simplicity of his life, and disturbed his peace with anxieties and regrets. I was not at all remorseful for having unwittingly set those other branches of the Pocket family to the poor arts they practiced: because such littlenesses were their natural bent, and would have been evoked by any body else, if I had left them slumbering. But Herbert's was a very different case, and it often caused me a twinge to think that I had done him evil service in crowding his sparely-furnished chambers with incongruous upholstery work, and placing the canary-breasted Avenger at his disposal.

So now, as an infallible way of making little ease great ease, I began to contract a quantity of debt. I could hardly begin but Herbert must begin too, so he soon followed. At Startop's suggestion, we put ourselves down for election into a club called The Finches of the Grove: the object of which institution I have never divined, if it were not that the members should dine expensively once a fortnight, to quarrel among themselves as much as possible after dinner, and to cause six waiters to get drunk on the stairs. I know that these gratifying social ends were so invariably accomplished that Herbert and I understood nothing else to be referred to in the first standing toast of the society, which ran: "Gentlemen, may the present promotion of good feeling ever reign predominant among the Finches of the Grove."

The Finches spent their money foolishly (the hotel we dined at was in Covent Garden), and the first Finch I saw, when I had the honor of joining the Grove, was Bentley Drummle: at that time floundering about town in a cab of his own, and doing a great deal of damage to the posts at the street corners. Occasionally he shot himself out of his equipage head-foremost over the apron; and I saw him, on one occasion, deliver himself at the door of the Grove in this unintentional way—like coals. But here I anticipate a little, for I was not a Finch, and could not be, according to the sacred laws of the society, until I came of age.

In my confidence in my own resources I would willingly have taken Herbert's expenses on myself; but Herbert was proud, and I could make no such proposal to him. So he got into difficulties in every direction, and continued to look about him. When we gradually fell into keeping late hours and late company, I noticed that he looked about him with a despondent eye at breakfast-time; that he began to look about him more hopelessly about mid-day; that he drooped when he came in to dinner; that he seemed to descry Capital in the distance rather clearly, after dinner; that he all but realized Capital and banked it toward midnight; and that at about two o'clock in the morning he became so deeply despondent again as to talk of buying a rifle and going to America, with a general purpose of compelling buffaloes to make his fortune.

I was usually at Hammersmith about half the week, and when I was at Hammersmith I haunted Richmond: whereof separately by-and-by. Herbert would often come to Hammersmith when I was there, and [illegible] at those seasons his father would occasion[illegible] some passing perception that the opening he was looking for had not appeared yet. But in the general tumbling up of the family, his tumbling out in life somewhere, was a thing to transact itself somehow. In the mean time Mr. Pocket grew grayer, and tried oftener to lift himself out of his perplexities by the hair. While Mrs. Pocket tripped up the family with her footstool, read her book of dignities, lost her pocket-handkerchief, told us about her grandpapa, and taught the young idea how to shoot, by shooting it into bed whenever it attracted her notice.

As I am now generalizing a period of my life with the object of clearing the way before me, I can scarcely do so better than by at once completing the description of our usual manners and customs at Barnard's Inn.

We spent as much money as we could, and got as little for it as people could make up their minds to give us. We were always more or less miserable, and most of our acquaintance were in the same condition. There was a gay fiction among us that we were constantly enjoying ourselves, and a skeleton truth that we never did. To the best of my belief, our case was in the last aspect a rather common one.

Every morning, with an air ever new, Herbert went into the City to look about him. I often paid him a visit in the dark back-room in which he consorted with an ink-jar, a hat-peg, a coal-box, a string-box, an almanac, a desk and stool, and a ruler; and I do not remember that I ever saw him do any thing else but looking about him. If we all did what we undertake to do as faithfully as Herbert did, we might live in a Republic of the Virtues. He had nothing else to do, poor fellow, except at a certain hour of every afternoon to "go to Lloyd's"—in observance of a ceremony of seeing his principal, I think. He never did any thing else in connection with Lloyd's that I could find out, except come back again. When he felt his case unusually serious, and that he positively must find an opening, he would go on 'Change at the busy time, and walk in and out, in a kind of gloomy country-dance figure, among the assembled magnates. "For," says Herbert to me, coming home to dinner on one of these special occasions, "I find the truth to be, Handel, that an opening won't come to one, but one must go to it—so I have been."

If we had been less attached to one another, I think we must have hated one another regularly every morning. I detested the chambers beyond expression at that period of repentance, and could not endure the sight of the Avenger's livery: which had a more expensive and a less remunerative appearance then than at any other time in the four-and-twenty hours. As we got more and more into debt, breakfast became a hollower and hollower form, and, being on one occasion at breakfast-time threatened (by letter) with legal proceedings, "not unwholly unconnected," as my local paper might put it, "with jewelry," I went so far as to seize the Avenger by his blue collar and shake him off his feet—so that he was actually in the air, like a booted Cupid—for presuming to suppose that we wanted a French roll.

At certain times—meaning at uncertain times, for they depended on our humor—I would say to Herbert, as if it were a remarkable discovery:

"My dear Herbert, we are getting on badly."

"My dear Handel," Herbert would say to me, in all sincerity, "if you will believe me, those very words were on my lips, by a strange coincidence."

"Then, Herbert," I would respond, "let us look into our affairs."

We always derived profound satisfaction from making an appointment for this purpose. I always thought myself, this was business, this was the way to confront the thing, this was the way to take the foe by the throat. And I know Herbert thought so too.

We generally ordered something rather special for dinner, with a bottle of something similarly out of the common way, in order that our minds might be fortified for the occasion, and we might come well up to the mark. Dinner over, we produced a bundle of pens, a copious supply of ink, and a goodly show of writing and blotting paper. For there was something very comfortable in having plenty of stationery.

I would then take a sheet of paper, and write across the top of it, in a neat hand, the heading "Memorandum of Pip's debts;" with Barnard's Inn and the date very carefully added. Herbert would also take a sheet of paper, and write across it with similar formalities, "Memorandum of Herbert's debts."

Each of us would then refer to a confused heap of papers at his side, which had been thrown into drawers, worn into holes in pockets, half burned in lighting candles, stuck for weeks into the looking-glass, and otherwise damaged. The sound of our pens going refreshed us exceedingly, insomuch that I sometimes found it difficult to distinguish between this edifying business proceeding and actually paying the money. In point of meritorious character the two things seemed about equal.

When we had written a little while, I would ask Herbert how he got on? Herbert probably would have been scratching his head in a most rueful manner at the sight of his accumulating figures.

"They are mounting up, Handel," Herbert would say; "upon my life, they are mounting up."

"Be firm, Herbert," I would retort, plying my own pen with great assiduity. "Look the thing in the face. Look into your affairs. Stare them out of countenance."

"So I would, Handel, only they are staring *me* out of countenance."

However, my determined manner would have its effect, and Herbert would fall to work again. After a time, he would give up once more, on the plea that he had not got Cobbs's bill, or Lobbs's, or Nobbs's, as the case might be.

"Then, Herbert, estimate it; estimate it in round numbers, and put it down."

"What a fellow of resource you are!" my friend would reply, with admiration. "Really your business powers are very remarkable."

I thought so too. I established with myself on these occasions the reputation of a first-rate man of business—prompt, decisive, energetic, clear, cool-headed. When I had got all my responsibilities down upon my list, I compared each with the bill, and ticked it off. My self-approval when I ticked an entry was almost a luxurious sensation. When I had no more ticks to make, I folded all my bills up uniformly, docketed each on the back, and tied the whole into a symmetrical bundle. Then I did the same for Herbert (who modestly said he had not my administrative genius), and felt that I had brought his affairs into a focus for him.

My business habits had one other bright feature, which I called, "leaving a margin." For example; supposing Herbert's debts to be one hundred and sixty-four pounds four-and-twopence, I would say, "leave a margin, and put them down at two hundred." Or supposing my own to be four times as much, I would leave a margin, and put them down at seven hundred. I had the highest opinion of the wisdom and prudence of this same margin; but I am bound to acknowledge that, on looking back, I deem it to have been an expensive device. For we always ran into new debt immediately, to the full extent of the margin, and sometimes, in the sense of freedom and solvency it imparted, got pretty far on into another margin.

But there was a calm, a rest, a virtuous hush, consequent on these examinations of our affairs, that gave me, for the time, an admirable opinion of myself. Soothed by my exertions, my method, and Herbert's compliments, I would sit with his symmetrical bundle and my own on the table before me among the stationery, and feel like a Bank of some sort, rather than a private individual.

We shut our outer door on these solemn occasions, in order that we might not be interrupted. I had fallen into my serene state one evening, when we heard a letter dropped through the slit in the said door, and fall on the ground. "It's for you, Handel," said Herbert, going out and coming back with it, "and I hope there is nothing the matter." This was in allusion to its heavy black seal and border.

The letter was signed Trabb & Co., and its contents were simply, that I was an honored Sir, and that they begged to inform me that Mrs. J. Gargery had departed this life on Monday last, at twenty minutes past six in the evening, and that my attendance was requested at the interment on Monday next at three o'clock in the afternoon.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

It was the first time that a grave had opened in my road of life, and the depth of the gap it made in the smooth ground was wonderful. The figure of my sister in her chair by the kitchen fire haunted me night and day. That the place could possibly be without her was something my mind seemed unable to compass; and whereas she had seldom or never been in my thoughts of late, I had now the strangest ideas that she was coming toward me in the street, or that she would presently knock at the door. In my rooms, too, with which she had never been at all associated, there was at once the blankness of death and a perpetual suggestion of the sound of her voice or the turn of her face or figure, as if she were still alive and had been often there.

Whatever my fortunes might have been, I could scarcely have recalled my sister with much tenderness. But I suppose there is a shock of regret which may exist without much tenderness. Under its influence (and perhaps to make up for the want of the softer feeling) I was seized with a violent indignation against the assailant from whom she had suffered so much; and I felt that, on sufficient proof, I could have revengefully pursued Orlick, or any one else, to the last extremity.

Having written to Joe, to offer consolation, and to assure him that I should come to the funeral, I passed the intermediate days in the curious state of mind I have glanced at. I went down early in the morning, and alighted at the Blue Boar in good time to walk over to the forge.

It was fine summer weather again, and, as I walked along, the time when I was a little helpless creature, and my sister did not spare me, vividly returned. But they returned with a gentle tone upon them that softened even the edge of Tickler. For now the very breath of the beans and clover whispered to my heart that the day must come when it would be well for my memory that others walking in the sunshine should be softened as they thought of me.

At last I came within sight of the house, and then I immediately saw that Trabb & Co. had put in a funereal execution and taken possession. Two dismally absurd persons, each ostentatiously exhibiting a crutch done up in a black bandage—as if that instrument could possibly communicate any comfort to any body—were posted at the front door; and in one of them I recognized a post-boy discharged from the Boar for turning a young couple into a saw-pit on their bridal morning, in consequence of intoxication rendering it necessary for him to ride his horse clasped round the neck with both arms. All the children of the village, and most of the women, were admiring these sable warders and the closed windows of the house and forge; and as I came up, one of the two warders (the post-boy) knocked at the door—implying that I was far too much exhausted by grief to have strength remaining to knock for myself.

Another sable warder (a carpenter, who had once eaten two geese for a wager) opened the door, and showed me into the best parlor. Here Mr. Trabb had taken unto himself the best table, and had got all the leaves up, and was holding a kind of black Bazar, with the aid of a quantity of black pins. At the moment of my arrival he had just finished putting somebody's hat into black long-clothes, like an African baby; so he held out his hand for mine. But I, misled by the action, and confused by the occasion, shook hands with him with every testimony of warm affection.

Poor dear Joe, in a little black cloak tied in a large bow under his chin, was seated apart at the upper end of the room; where, as chief mourner, he had evidently been deposited by Trabb. When I bent down and said to him, "Dear Joe, how are you?" he said, "Pip, old chap, you knowed her when she were a fine figure of a—" and clasped my hand, and said no more.

Biddy, looking very neat and modest in her black dress, went quietly here and there, and was very helpful. When I had spoken to Biddy, as I thought it not a time for talking I went and sat down near Joe, and there began to wonder in what part of the house it—she—my sister—was. The air of the parlor being faint with the smell of sweet cake, I looked about for the table of refreshments; it was scarcely visible until one had got accustomed to the gloom, but there was a cut-up plum-cake upon it, and there were cut-up oranges, and sandwiches, and biscuits, and two decanters that I knew very well as ornaments, but had never seen used in all my life, one full of port and one of sherry. Standing at this table, I became conscious of the servile Pumblechook, in a black cloak and several yards of hat-band, who was alternately stuffing himself, and making obsequious movements to catch my attention. The moment he succeeded he came over to me (breathing sherry and crumbs), and said, in a subdued voice, "May I, dear Sir?" and did. I then descried Mr. and Mrs. Hubble—the last-named in a decent speechless paroxysm in a corner. We were all going to "follow," and were all in course of being tied up separately (by Trabb) into ridiculous bundles.

"Which I meantersay, Pip," Joe whispered me, as we were being what Mr. Trabb called "formed" in the parlor, two and two—and it was dreadfully like a preparation for some grim kind of dance—"which I meantersay, Sir, as I would in preference have carried her to the church myself, along with three or four friendly ones wot come to it with willing harts and arms; but it were considered wot the neighbors would look down on such, and would be of opinions as it were wanting in respect."

"Pocket-handkerchiefs out, all!" cried Mr. Trabb at this point, in a depressed business-like voice. "Pocket-handkerchiefs out! We are ready!"

So we all put our pocket-handkerchiefs to our faces, as if our noses were bleeding, and filed out two and two; Joe and I; Biddy and Pumblechook; Mr. and Mrs. Hubble. The remains of my poor sister had been brought round by the kitchen door; and, it being a point of Undertaking ceremony that the six bearers must be stifled and blinded under a horrible black velvet housing with a white border, the whole looked like a blind monster with twelve human legs, shuffling and blundering along, under the guidance of two keepers—the post-boy and his comrade.

The neighborhood, however, highly approved of these arrangements, and we were much admired as we went through the village; the more youthful and vigorous part of the community making dashes now and then to cut us off, and lying in wait to intercept us at points of vantage. At such times the more exuberant among them called out in an excited manner, on our emergence round some corner of expectancy, "*Here* they come! *Here* they are!" and we were all but cheered. In this progress I was much annoyed by the abject Pumblechook, who, being behind me, persisted all the way, as a delicate attention, in arranging my streaming hat-band and smoothing my cloak. My thoughts were further distracted by the excessive pride of Mr. and Mrs. Hubble, who were surpassingly conceited and vainglorious in being members of so distinguished a procession.

At last the range of marshes lay clear before us, with the sails of the ships on the river growing out of it; and we went into the church-yard close to the graves of my unknown parents, Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and Also Georgiana, Wife of the Above. And there my sister was laid quietly in the earth while the larks sang high above it, and the light wind strewed it with beautiful shadows of clouds and trees.

Of the conduct of the worldly-minded Pumblechook while this was doing I desire to say no more than it was all addressed to me; and that even when those noble passages were read which remind humanity how it brought nothing into the world and can take nothing out, and how it fleeth like a shadow and never continueth long in one stay, I heard him cough a reservation of the case of a young gentleman who came unexpectedly into large property. When we got back, he had the hardihood to tell me that he wished my sister could have known I had done her so much honor, and to hint that she would have considered it purchased reasonably at the price of her death. After that he drank all the rest of the sherry, and Mr. Hubble drank the port; and the two talked (which I have since observed to be customary in such cases) as if they were of quite another race from the deceased, and were notoriously immortal. Finally, he went away with Mr. and Mrs. Hubble—to make an evening of it, I felt sure, and to tell the Jolly Bargemen that he was the founder of my fortunes and my earliest benefactor.

When they were all gone, and when Trabb and his men—but not his boy: I looked for him—had crammed their mummery into bags, and were gone too, the house felt wholesomer. Soon afterward Biddy, Joe, and I had a cold dinner together; but we dined in the best parlor, not in the old kitchen, and Joe was so exceedingly particular what he did with his knife and fork, and the salt-cellar, and what not, that there was great restraint upon us. But after dinner, when I made him take his pipe, and when I had loitered with him about the forge, and when we sat down together on the great block of stone outside it, we got on better. I noticed that after the funeral Joe changed his clothes so far as to make a compromise between his Sunday dress and working dress; in which the dear fellow looked natural and like the Man he was.

He was very much pleased by my asking if I might sleep in my own little room, and I was pleased too; for I felt that I had done rather a great thing in making the request. When the shadows of evening were closing in, I took an opportunity of getting into the garden with Biddy for a little talk.

"Biddy," said I, "I think you might have written to me about these sad matters."

"Do you, Mr. Pip?" said Biddy. "I should have written if I had thought that."

"Don't suppose that I mean to be unkind, Biddy, when I say I consider that you ought to have thought that."

"Do you, Mr. Pip?"

She was so quiet, and had such an orderly, good, and pretty way with her, that I did not like the thought of making her cry again. After looking a little at her downcast eyes, as she walked beside me, I gave up that point.

"I suppose it will be difficult for you to remain here now, Biddy dear?"

"Oh! I can't do so, Mr. Pip," said Biddy, in a tone of regret, but still of quiet conviction. "I have been speaking to Mrs. Hubble, and I am going to her to-morrow. I hope we shall be able to take some care of Mr. Gargery, together, until he settles down."

"How are you going to live, Biddy? If you want any mo—"

"How am I going to live?" repeated Biddy, striking in, with a momentary flush upon her face. "I'll tell you, Mr. Pip. I am going to try to get the place of mistress in the new school nearly finished here. I can be well recommended by all the neighbors, and I hope I can be industrious and patient, and teach myself while I teach others. You know, Mr. Pip," pursued Biddy, with a smile, as she raised her eyes to my face, "the new schools are not like the old, but I learned a good deal from you after that time, and have had time since then to improve."

"I think you would always improve, Biddy, under any circumstances."

"Ah! Except in my bad side of human nature," murmured Biddy.

It was not so much a reproach as an irresistible thinking aloud. Well! I thought I would give up that point too. So I walked a little further with Biddy, looking silently at her downcast eyes.

"I have not heard the particulars of my sister's death, Biddy."

"They are very slight, poor thing! She had been in one of her bad states—though they had got better of late, rather than worse—for four days, when she came out of it in the evening, just at tea-time, and said, quite plainly, 'Joe.' As she had never said any word for a long while, I ran and fetched in Mr. Gargery from the forge. She made signs to me that she wanted him to sit down close to her, and wanted me to put her arms round his neck. So I put them round his neck, and she laid her head down on his shoulder quite content and satisfied. And so she presently said 'Joe' again, and once 'Pardon,' and once 'Pip.' And so she never lifted her head up any more; and it was just an hour later when we laid it down on her own bed, because we found she was gone."

Biddy cried; the darkening garden, and the lane, and the stars that were coming out were blurred in my own sight.

"Nothing was ever discovered, Biddy?"

"Nothing."

"Do you know what is become of Orlick?"

"I should think, from the color of his clothes, that he is working in the quarries."

"Of course you have seen him then?—Why are you looking at that dark tree in the lane?"

"I saw him there on the night she died."

"That was not the last time either, Biddy?"

"No; I have seen him there since we have been walking here.—It is of no use," said Biddy, laying her hand upon my arm as I was for running out; "you know I would not deceive you; he was not there a minute, and he is gone."

It revived my utmost indignation to find that she was still pursued by this fellow, and I felt inveterate against him. I told her so, and told her that I would spend any money or take any pains to drive him out of that country. By degrees she led me into more temperate talk, and she told me how Joe loved me, and how Joe never complained of any thing—she didn't say of me; she had no need; I knew what she meant—but ever did his duty in his way of life with a strong hand, a quiet tongue, and a gentle heart.

"Indeed it would be hard to say too much for him," said I; "and Biddy, we must often speak of these things, for of course I shall be often down here now. I am not going to leave poor Joe alone."

Biddy said never a single word.

"Biddy, don't you hear me?"

"Yes, Mr. Pip."

"Not to mention your calling me Mr. Pip—which appears to me to be in bad taste, Biddy—what do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" asked Biddy, timidly.

"Biddy," said I, in a virtuously self-asserting manner, "I must request to know what you mean by this?"

"By this?" said Biddy.

"Now, don't echo," I retorted. "You used not to echo, Biddy."

"Used not!" said Biddy. "Oh, Mr. Pip! Used!"

Well! I rather thought I would give up that point too. After another silent turn in the garden I fell back on the main position.

"Biddy," said I, "I made a remark respecting my coming down here often to see Joe, which you received with a marked silence. Have the goodness, Biddy, to tell me why."

"Are you quite sure, then, that you WILL come to see him often?" asked Biddy, stopping in the narrow garden walk, and looking at me under the stars with a clear and honest eye.

"Oh, dear me!" said I, as if I found myself compelled to give up Biddy in despair. "This really is a very bad side of human nature! Don't say any more, if you please, Biddy. This shocks me very much."

For which cogent reason I kept Biddy at a distance during supper, and when I went up to my own old little room took as stately a leave of her as I could, in my murmuring soul, deem reconcilable with the church-yard and the event of the day. As often as I was restless in the night, and that was every quarter of an hour, I reflected what an unkindness, what an injury, what an injustice Biddy had done me.

Early in the morning I was to go. Early in the morning I was out, and looking in, unseen, at one of the wooden windows of the forge. There I stood, for minutes, looking at Joe, already at work, with a glow of health and strength upon his face that made it show as if the bright sun of the life in store for him were shining on it.

"Good-by, dear Joe!—No, don't wipe it off—for God's sake give me your blackened hand! I shall be down soon, and often!"

"Never too soon, Sir," said Joe, "and never too often, Pip!"

Biddy was waiting for me at the kitchen door, with a mug of new milk and a crust of bread. "Biddy," said I, when I gave her my hand at parting, "I am not angry, but I am hurt!"

"No, don't be hurt," she pleaded, quite pathetically; "let only me be hurt, if I have been ungenerous."

Once more the mists were rising as I walked away. If they disclosed to me, as I suspect they did, that I should not come back, and that Biddy was quite right, all I can say is—they were quite right too.

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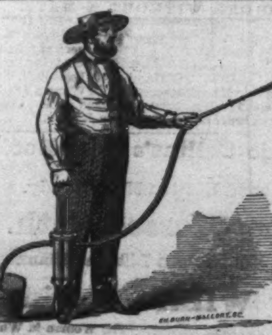
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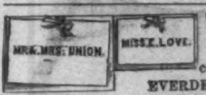
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